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Jessie.

Jessie is both young and fair,
Dewy eyes and sunny hair;
Sunny hair and dewy eyes
Are not where her beauty lies.

Jessie is both fond and true,
Heart of gold and will of yew;
Will of yew and heart of gold—
Still her charms are scarcely told.

If she yet remain unsung,
Pretty, constant, docile, young,
What remains not here compiled?
Jessie is a little child!

—*Bret Harte.*

The New Year Bills.

Oh! the bills, New Year bills,
What a world of misery
Their memory instills!
As the merchants with their quills
Stuck behind their ears polite,
So caressingly invite
Your kind and prompt attention
To their bills.
How they dun, dun, dun,
As they kindly urge upon
You earnest attention to their blessed little bills,
Little bills!

With a power of perforation,
And a man that never fills
What a sad dissimulation
To call them little bills!
While all the tin that tinkles
In your pocket, only sprinkles
A little liquidation on the bills.

O! The destiny that fills
All our holidays with bills,
When the New Year dinner
Of the poor indebted sinner
Might be cooked with the fuel of his bills.
Oh! the bills, bills, bills,
Nothing else but bills!

MR. HENSLOW'S FAILURE.

In the middle of September, 1873, the Algeria steamed into the New York waters with a company of summer absentees, joyful at their nearness to home. The passage had been less comfortable than could be wished; but this day was bright and fair, and the few Europeans on board were being told, in every variety of form, that "We were now getting into New York weather." The pilot was eagerly looked for, and at length came on board, among the cheers of the well-dressed group on deck. He brought a few newspapers, which were soon distributed and headings read. What a change of tone they produced! "*Panic Continuing! House after house down! The following suspended,*" etc. So the words ran. A gentleman stood up and read aloud for all; and one might see the effect on this and that countenance, of successive announcements. Some never uttered a word, but dropped away from the crowd. There was a newspaper in the writer's hand. A gentleman stepped up and timidly asked a look at it. I shall never forget the expression of that face as he handed it back without a word, and crept away to his cabin, as if he had done something criminal. Indeed I shall never forget that whole scene. Perhaps because its impression was so strong; perhaps because subsequent events have so often recalled it. "I had a dream which was not all a dream;" but how much was dream and how much reality, it is needful to say. At least I am wide awake now, when putting on paper what I hope may be, in spirit and essence, if not in form, realized in many a home.

Mr. Charles G. Henslow seemed, if not rich, at least a "comfortable" man, as he brought back his family, early in September, 1873, from a pleasant run to the White mountains, and that lake which it is more agreeable to sail over than to spell or pronounce—the smiling Winnipiseogee. You could not help thinking that a happy group that entered his snug up-town residence—his comely wife, a grown-up daughter, Carry, Henry, who meant to be an artist, and two little girls, who ran up stairs and down, shouting to each other and to all the house, reports on the canary, the cat, the cook, and their own little room. Tom, who was well through his course, had gone directly to college.

Mr. Henslow soon got "under way," down-town; but one week at home seemed to undo all the benefit of the summer trip. Pale, silent, and moody, he strove in vain to respond to the gladness of his children, when he was at home in the evening. It was one week from the day of their return that he came back earlier than usual and called his wife to his room. She had heard something very bad; she was not surprised when he said, with a choking voice, "The worst has come; nay darling, we are poor, almost penniless. The house has suspended, and we junior partners, who had little in it but our labor, have nothing."

Mrs. Henslow neither shrieked nor fainted, nor fell in hysterics on his neck. She kissed him quietly, patted his shoulder a bit, and said, "Well, Charles, we did all for the best, and we are in God's hands. He will set you right again. We need not fear his goodness failing."

"The poor children!" said he. "How shall I tell them? Must we let them know?" And various contingencies and considerations were hurriedly talked over, coming back to the question, "Shall we tell them?"

"Why, certainly," said the mother. "We never hid anything from them that they could understand, and, thank God, there is nothing they ought not to know."

We shall not follow the history of many a sad family council held that fall; nor the negotiations that led to quitting the house, and finding another at a manageable distance from the city, at a small rent. Nor shall we linger on details that seemed formidable at the first blush, but with which "familiarity bred contempt." That Carrie's German and music lessons should be stopped; that Tom should not be able to traverse Europe, cultivating the acquaintance of old masters, and new; that "the girls" should not have the maid who did the sewing and waited on them; these things looked mere trifling privations in a month. Happy is it for us that a loss that looks gigantic when set up and looked at by itself, is dwarfed and lost in a crowd of calamities.

By the end of the year the little rented house was very home-like—that mother could have made a home in a hollow beech-tree"—and every one had a niche, and was tolerably happy in it. A letter had been sent to Tom calling him home, and giving the reason. But the newspapers had been beforehand; a kind-hearted professor had told a friend of what was likely to come; and he had offered to advance the money for Tom's expenses till he graduated and could repay it. Mr. Henslow took a situation as a book-keeper, and gave his after-hours' time to working on the accounts of the embarassed firm. Carrie wanted to "go out" and teach. "Certainly you can teach," said her mother. "I am going to engage you for two little girls I have, called Bessie and Bertha, and after lessons you shall help me with the sewing. 'Salary not so much an object as a pleasant home,' you know, dear;" and, partly laughing and partly crying, she hugged Carrie, according to the approved womanly way of expressing deep emotion of a tender kind. Henry, like a manly, good fellow as he was, turned his back on dreams of Italy and the old masters, and was mastering the art of converting hardware into paper currency, in the old established house of Brassy & Co., in a Western city.

Please to imagine the months of 1874 come and gone. There were no "parties," to be sure, yet Bessie and Bertha had good health, and did not seem to miss the pantomime. There was no trip to the mountains; so no consultations were needed with the lady who had much "sweet things in silk" for the country. Carrie did the work of governess well; and her mother's dexterity in transforming dresses was the perpetual amazement of her evenings. Tom and Harry never before received, or wrote such home letters, and the amount of petting lavished on Charles Henslow, when he returned in the evenings, was perfectly amazing. He did not miss his club, or anything else in the city. So the year passed, and the eve of New-Year's-day came.

There had been many conferences about the day. Tom was coming home for vacation. Henry was to have his first holiday. That was a double joy. "Shall we receive, mother?" said Carrie; "I think we had better not." She did not wish mother to think it would be a trial to her to give up "receiving."

"Why certainly, Carrie; why not? Are we not just as good as ever we were? If anything, we are better, for we can all do something now. If any of our neighbors come, we shall welcome them; and we shall be all the happier to see them if they come this year." So it was settled.

* * * * * * *

That again was a pleasant group that gathered about the breakfast-table on January 1st, 1875, as it was seen in the dream. It was the first complete gathering since their reverse. Mr. Henslow took the Bible—he had left his wife to read and pray with the children when they lived in town—and read a Psalm. They knelt down and he prayed—a simple, thankful, humble prayer. They rose from their knees, Henry, who had never heard his father pray, wiping tears from his eyes that were full of nothing but joy. He had joined the church in the city in which he worked; because "he saw he must be one thing or the other, be thoroughly good, or go to ruin;" and a clergyman whom he consulted put him into a gentlemen's Bible class. The rest had followed.

"I have some good news to tell you all," said Mr. Henslow, "which I kept for this morning. The house"—they all knew the house—"is going on again hopefully, and I begin again as before with this year; and if Tom likes, after he graduates next commencement, he can get my place."

After general congratulations, and some of the aforesaid hugging, it was Tom's time to answer the looks of inquiry.

"Well, father, I'm not vain enough to think I could take your place. They have a notion at college that there is something in me; mostly, I suspect, because I have dropped cigars and parties, and cut fewer recitations than I used to; and there is a talk of my getting an exhibition that will enable me to go to Germany for a year and study; and then I may develop into a lawyer, or a professor, or something 'poor but honest;' for I doubt if my nervous system could 'stand the fluctuations of commerce;'" and Tom glanced slyly over a broad chest and very muscular limbs, adding: "Henry here will make a pile—and one millionaire is enough in the family." This was Tom's way of describing the brilliant success he won in college since he wakened up to the idea that he had to make his own way. The reader can imagine more hugging, etc.

It was now Harry's turn to say a word—taking out a roll of notes and putting it in his mother's hand. "I was to have nothing the first year, while I was learning the business; but the governor told me in July that I deserved something, and put me on salary; and I brought home the most of it, and"— Poor Harry! He had something else to say, but he had not got rid of the crying, in his heart, over his father's prayer, and he broke down.

"Poor me," said Carrie; "I wish I was a man; I can do nothing, and have no story to tell."

"But you have, my daughter, and I will tell it. We paid over six hundred dollars a year for the children at school in town, and their dressing for school cost at the very least two hundred dollars a year more; and you have saved all that, and a penny saved is a penny won, if Benjamin Franklin told the truth; and the girls never learnt so much in a year, and never had so good a governess."

"And, mamma! sure, we'll never go to school again, but always learn lessons with Carrie!" chimed in Bessie and Bertha, to whom Carrie had made lessons (she called them "her little busy B's"), more a pleasure than a toil.

"Don't be too sure about that, Bessie," said Tom. "There's a dreadful bird of prey I have seen prowling about this nest, that I am afraid wants to carry off your governess."

We do not pretend to say why Carrie is blushing and frowning on Tom, and giving him a blow on the upper part of his cheek that does not hurt him much; nor why a Mr. Eagle, who owned a nice mansion close by (his father was a rich broker), who was among the first new-year callers, staid so long, and appeared so awkward and timid as he was leaving. Your true man, as a rule, is a little sheepish when in love; it is the empty-headed coxcomb who worships himself, and imagines he honors anybody to whom he offers his precious self, that is as easy, self-possessed, and impudent as one of those cock-sparrows in the square.

But Mr. Eagle left a letter, addressed, "Charles G. Henslow, Esq., present;" of which we can give the reader a copy:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I hope it will not seem to you, and to Mrs. Henslow, presumptuous in me to ask your consent to my union with your daughter. Since you have come to reside here, I have come to love her for that real worth, which I only knew in part when you lived in the city, and, yet, which I respected even then. Through the kindness of my late and dear father, I have means enough to secure comfort, and I do not mean to be an idle man. If you will give me this gift, I am sure, with God's blessing, I shall be happier and more useful, and I shall try to be like your other sons. I shall await a line from you at your convenience, and before venturing to speak to Miss Henslow, and with what anxiety, I need not say. Permit me to be, with great respect, Yours, most faithfully,

"FRANK P. EAGLE."

We shall not describe the other callers; nor intrude on another family council; nor say how this "bird of prey" was regarded by Carrie; but we noticed that she takes Tom's puns and jokes in excellent part, even when he declares "it is the Eagle that is Carried away." There may have been more hugging; for that mother and daughter had become more to each other in days of trial than ever they would have been in prosperity. As the family parted at late bed-time, Mr. Henslow said, as he kissed Bessie and Bertha good-night, "This is the happiest New Year's day of my life.—*Ledger.*

SUGGESTIVE FIGURES.—The population of New York city, according to the last census, is 942,292. The transient population is about 30,000, of which, in round numbers, 5,000 are immigrants temporarily staying in the city, 5,000 are seamen, 10,000 guests at hotels, and 10,000 guests at boarding-houses. The estimated number of persons married during the year is 20,000; the births, 35,000; the deaths, 27,000. The money spent for public schools is about $3,000,000; the money spent in public amusements, $7,000,000; the money spent for liquors in saloons and other licensed establishments, about $50,000,000.

Some young men in Vienna have formed a matrimonial league. Every member of the league must be the son of a man of property, and must pledge himself to marry a poor girl, one who has neither dowry nor expectations, and must forfeit 10,000 florins if he violates the pledge.

The Cost of Living.

A comparison of the prices of the staples of the country in wholesale markets in November, 1859, 1864 and 1874, says the Philadelphia *Ledger* shows, that prices are nearly as low, and in some cases lower, now than before the war, if they are reduced to the gold standard. Wheat is selling at about the same prices in currency as it sold for in gold in 1859. Corn is selling for half what it did in 1864 (the year when gold touched 285), and about the same price, gold values, as it did in 1859. Cotton is worth a little more than in 1859, but is about one-ninth the price reached in 1864. Provisions, sugar and coffee show a heavy decline, but the present currency quotations are above the gold prices of 1859. Dry goods show a great decline since 1864, prints being below the prices of 1859. Beef was rather higher in the local market before the war than to-day. Sales were reported in November, 1858, for seven to nine cents per pound. The corresponding cattle report published this year quotes sales at from 4 to 7 and a half cents. But before these articles reach the consumers items of cost are added to them, which have not been reduced in proportion to the reduction in prime cost. The tax rate of 1859 on real estate was $1.75 on a very low valuation of property; to-day it is $2.20 on a cash valuation.

A house which was worth $1,500 in 1859 could not be bought for twice that amount now, and rents are from two to three times as high now as before the war. While it is true, therefore, that what are often called the "necessaries of life" have been reduced in price at wholesale to nearly the prices which ruled in 1859, it is not to be inferred that the cost of living to working men has been correspondingly reduced. Provisions consume about one-third to one-half working men's incomes. The other half is expended for rent, clothing, fuel, lights, and other expenditures of all kinds, and in many of these there has been no reduction from ante-war prices. But with a reduction in the prime cost of provisions, there will undoubtedly come in time a reduction in the value of things for which corn, beef, wheat, etc., are exchanged; in other words, a reduction in all the many things which together make up the real cost of living.

Great Britain Accepts.

The U. S. Secretary of the Interior received from the State Department copies of the official letters announcing the acceptance by the British government of the invitation of the United States to participate in the Centennial. Lord Derby's letter to Minister Schenck is as follows:

FOREIGN OFFICE, Dec. 3, 1874.

SIR: With reference to my letter of 25th August, I have now the honor to inform you that her Majesty's government accept with much pleasure the invitation of the United States to take part in the International Exhibition, to be held at Philadelphia in 1876. I shall have the honor to acquaint you herewith with the arrangements which will be made in order to carry this decision into effect. Her Majesty's government trusts that this exhibition will fully realize the objects which the government of the United States and the promoters of the undertaking have in view, and they do not doubt that it will tend to the further development of the important commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States.

I have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, DERBY.

To Gen. Schenck, etc.

A copy of the foregoing is received from Minister Schenck, and Secretary Fish is also informed of the acceptance by letter from Sir Edward Thornton, who makes use of substantially the same expressions and says he is instructed to convey the information to Secretary Fish, with a request that the President of the United States be made acquainted with the same.

Healing Power of Glue.

Many women do not know that glue as a healing remedy is invaluable. For a last twelvear fourteen years, says a mechanic, I have been employed in a shop where there are over 300 men at work, and, as is the case in all shops of this kind, hardly a day passes but one or more of us cut or bruise our limbs. At first there were but few who found their way to my department to have their wounds bound up; but after a while it became generally known that a rag glued on a flesh wound was not only a speedy curative, but a formidable protection against further injury. I was obliged to keep a full supply of rags on hand to be ready for any emergency.

I will here cite one among many of the cases cured with glue. A man was running a boring machine, with an inch and a half auger attached; by some means the sleeve of his shirt caught in the auger, bringing his wrist in contact with the bit, tearing the flesh among the muscles in a frightful manner. He was conducted to my apartment (the pattern shop), and I washed the wound in warm water, and glued around it a cloth which, when dry, shrunk into a rounded shape, holding the wound tight and firm. Once or twice a week, for three or four weeks, I dressed the wound afresh until it was well. The man never lost an hour's time in consequence. The truth of this statement hundreds can testify to. I used, of course, the best quality of glue.

After Death.

A usually placid and very devout deacon on going to his sheep-yard one morning caught a large dog in the act of worrying the sheep. The deacon dispatched the dog on the spot, and leaving the carcass where the dog fell, started for the house. He had gone but a little way when his indignation became so aroused by the thought of the mischief the dog had done that, seizing a sled-stake, he ran back and began to pound the lifeless carcass of the dog in a most energetic manner. Just then a neighbor came up, and, surprised at the conduct of the deacon, exclaimed:

"Why, deacon, what are you pounding that dog so for? He's dead!"

The deacon paused, and turning to his interrogator, gravely and solemnly replied:

"I'm pounding him as an example and warning to all bad dogs, that they may be deterred from their evil ways by a knowledge that there is a punishment after death."

Weddings in Borneo.

On the wedding day the bride and bridegroom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous may attend the pair. A cigar and betal leaf, prepared from the areca nut, are next put into the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and in a long address to the Supreme Being calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may attend the union. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared siri leaf and cigar leaf into the mouth of the bride, while she does the same to him, whom she thus acknowledges as her husband.

The New Finance Bill.

The following is the full text of the finance bill passed by the United States Congress:

Be it enacted &c.: That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and required as rapidly as practicable to cause to be coined at the mints of the United States, silver coins of denominations of ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents of standard value, and to issue them in redemption of an equal number and amount of fractional currency of similar denominations, or, at his discretion, he may issue such silver coins through the mints, sub-treasuries, public depositaries, and post-offices of the United States, and upon such issue he is hereby authorized and required to redeem an equal amount of such fractional currency until the whole amount of such fractional currency outstanding shall be redeemed.

SEC. 2. That so much of section 3,524 of the revised statutes of the United States as provides for a charge of one-fifth per centum for converting standard gold bullion into coin is hereby repealed, and hereafter no charge shall be made for that service.

SEC. 3. That section 5,777 of the revised statutes of the United States limiting the aggregate amount of the circulating notes of national banking associations be and is hereby repealed, and each existing banking association may increase its circulating notes in accordance with the existing law without respect to said aggregate limit, and new banking associations may be organized in accordance with the existing law without respect to said aggregate limit, and the provisions of the law for the withdrawal and redistribution of national bank currency among the several States and Territories are hereby repealed, and whenever and so often as circulating notes shall be issued to any such bank association so increasing its capital or circulating notes, or so newly organized as aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem the legal tender United States notes in excess only of three hundred million dollars, to the amount of eighty per centum of the sum of national bank notes so issued to any such banking association, as aforesaid, and to continue such redemption as such circulating notes are issued until there shall be outstanding the sum of three hundred million dollars of such legal tender United States notes, and no more. And on and after the first day of January, A. D., 1879, the Secretary of the Treasury shall redeem in coin the United States legal tender notes then outstanding on their presentation for redemption at the office of the Assistant Treasurer in the city of New York, in sums not less than fifty dollars.

And to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to prepare and provide for the redemption in this act authorized and required, he is authorized to use any surplus revenues, from time to time, in the Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, and to issue, sell, and dispose of, at not less than par in coin, either of the descriptions of bonds of the United States described in the act of Congress approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," with like qualities, principles, and exemptions to the extent necessary to carry this act into effect, and to use the proceeds thereof for the purposes aforesaid.

And all provisions of law inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Grasshoppers in China.

The local authorities, whether civil or military, are held responsible for the stamping out of these insects as soon as their appearance has been reported. They are required to summon a large body of men, and at once surround and destroy the locusts, the expenses of the maintenance of the men and compensation for the crops trodden down during the chase being supplied by the provincial treasury. Should the local authorities succeed in stamping out the locusts within a limited time, their services are favorably reported to the Emperor; but should they fail, and the locusts spread and do damage, they are liable to be deprived of their posts, arrested and handed over to the proper board for punishment. A certain sum per bushel is paid to peasants bringing in unwinged locusts, and half that sum when the locusts are able to fly, while compensation is given for crops trodden down in the chase. The locusts are swept with besoms into trenches dug at the side of the corn fields, in which a vigorous fire is kept up. The best time to capture locusts is when they are feeding at dawn of day, when, their bodies being heavy with dew and their wings wet, they are unable to jump or fly. If the Western States or any parts of them are to be visited by the locusts in the future, as they have been of late years, some defense will have to be adopted. Under existing circumstances the use of men in large numbers is impracticable, and the ingenuity of inventors or scientists is our only hope. The prospect, it must be confessed, is not very cheering, for the vast uninhabited regions afford breeding grounds which effectually defy all attempts at extermination.

A Maniac Captain.

Captain S., says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, died last year in the Central Asylum, Dundrum, from senile decay, being considerably over 80 years of age. He was transferred to that establishment on its opening from the Cork Asylum, of which he had been an inmate for nearly twenty-two years, having been acquitted as far back as 1829, on the ground of insanity, of the murder of seven men—the whole crew, in fact, with the exception of two boys, of a vessel then under his command and on its return from Bermuda. Possessing originally a very decided character, but becoming the subject of mental disease from continuous excitement and want of sleep for a fortnight, he labored under delusions as to an intended mutiny among his shipmates. After inducing them, in proof of their subordination and of the absence of such intention, to allow themselves to be tied down with ropes on deck, in which position they lay for nearly an hour, the first mate showing the example, when approaching the Cork harbor he deliberately murdered them in succession with an iron bar. After some time he recovered his reason in the district asylum, and was, no doubt, sorry for what he had done, for he was remarkable for a uniform kindness of disposition toward his fellow patients; his piety, also, was very conspicuous, and he was constantly engaged in reading the Bible and religious works. Occasionally, however, he had violent relapses, preceded by a taciturnity unbroken for several days, save by quotations of an incoherent character or the repetition of nautical phrases.

Congress Then and Now.

I entered Congress fifteen years ago, says Senator Conkling. From then till now my opportunity for seeing both before and behind the scenes has been improved with diligence, and nothing is more certain than the change for the better in the executive departments in both wings of the capitol and in the supreme courts. In 1859 a large proportion of the members of the House of Representatives went habitually armed with deadly weapons. Drinking to excess was surprisingly common. Large numbers in both houses were often, long before evening, unfit to do business. Liquor was kept, as far as I know, in every committee-room in the capitol—book-cases doing duty as side-boards. Gambling and other dissipations were very common among public men, and vice and debauchery were the topics of loud and unclean jest. Venal lobbying was too palpable and prevalent to be overlooked, and on all sides lax practices prevailed which now would be scarcely credited. All this is changed for the better, in all respects. Liquor is not tolerated in the capitol. Formerly every cabinet officer, and many others, rode in a public carriage as a matter of course; now every cabinet officer, who merely allows the old custom to go on, finds himself trumpeted through the world as a great offender. George Washington, when President, rode with six horses, and with out-riders. When he wished to use horses he ordered them from the war department, at the epublic expense, and the out-riders also.

A GREAT BEAR HUNT.

In Which a New-Yorker, a Detroiter and Two Dogs Took a Hand.

Two men named James Marshall and John Ebbitts, the former a drummer for a New York house, and the latter a resident of Detroit, started from North Branch, Mich., on a bear-hunting expedition. Proceeding six miles east, and from thence five miles north, they came upon bear tracks of unusual size. They had with them a gun each of approved patterns, an uncommonly large bull-dog, who was never known to turn back at anything, and of a savage species, and a Siberian bloodhound who weighed not less than 250 pounds. The dogs were the first to scent the game, and with tail and bristles erect they eagerly started on the war-path, Marshall and Ebbitts following as fast as possible. About five miles further on they unexpectedly came upon the bear, who was quietly slumbering in a cavity made by the upheaval of an immense beach tree. The dogs gave a growl and a bark as they discovered the monster, and without another sign, sprang with ferocity on the bear before he had time to fairly recover his consciousness. He was not long in doing it, however, for he immediately rose to a standing position, gave a fierce growl, elevated the corners of his lips, disclosing as ugly a set of molars as ever adorned a Michigan bear, faced the dogs, and raising his right paw he hit the bull-dog in the ribs, knocking him about twenty feet and landing him on the top of a pine stump three feet in height. In the meantime the bloodhound had not been idle. The bear had no snooner dealt his comrade a blow than he seized him by the flank with a ferocity which caused him to whirl around with such force as to break loose. Then bear and bloodhound met face to face. The bear clevated himself on his hind legs and opened his mouth prepared for an embrace. The bloodhound did not decline the proffered hug, and quick as a flash of lightning sprang at the bear, seized him by the throat, and the battle was begun in deadly earnest. The bear was overthrown by the sudden onset made by the bloodhound, and fell on his back, the bloodhound still clinging to his throat. Dog and bear were mixed up in such a manner that the hunters were afraid to fire for fear they would kill the dog, and as the dog up to that moment seemed to have the best of the fight, they determined to let the battle rage without interruption. The bear recovered himself in a second's time, and drew up his hind paws with the evident intention of disembowling his antagonist. But the dog saw the movement, jumped aside, and unfortunately loosened his hold. The bear quickly rose, maddened with pain, and, seeing the hunters, started for them with the dog at his heels. They emptied their guns into his carcass, but he didn't seem to mind that, and kept on. He was so close that they did not have time to reload, and they turned and ran forward a large beach tree about fifteen rods distant, the bear in close pursuit, and the dog close at the heels of the bear. Just as the latter had cleared the gap between himself and the hunters to within about three feet, the dog again seized him by the flank, and hung on with such force that the bear could not extricate himself. He again whirled the dog loose, and they met, face to face, and came together with terrific fury. The hunters hastily loaded their pieces, walked up within six paces of the bear, took good aim, and fired just as the bear, with a well and powerfully directed blow with his right arm, hit the dog between the eyes, splitting his head open as neatly as if struck with an ax. The bear, when fired at, fell, and after struggling a few moments in mortal agony was dead. On examination it was found that the bloodhound and bull-dog were also dead, the latter having all his ribs smashed in. A farmer was hired to carry the bear to the nearest station, and when put on the scales he tipped the beam at 450 pounds. One of his paws when cut off weighed just five pounds. It took copious draughts of brandy for three days in succession before the nerves of the hunters became steady, so great had been their excitement over the contest. Of course they were not frightened any of the time; they deny that charge with the scorn and indignation that the imputation deserves.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

The body is the shell of the soul, and the dress is the husk of the body; but the husk often tells what the kernel is.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it we shall advance in it, and the further on we go the more we have to come back.

The symptoms of spiritual decline are like those which attend the decay of our bodily health. It generally commences with loss of appetite, and a disrelish for spiritual food.

Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

A man that puts himself on the ground of moral principle, if the whole world be against him, is mightier than all. Never be afraid of being in the minorities, so that minorities are based on principles.

Many of us have to lament not so much a want of opportunities in life as our unreadiness for them as they come, and "it might have been" is oftener the language of our hearts, than complaining words. God sends us "flax," but our "spindle and distaff" are out of repair.

Better a thousandfold sacrifice elegance than fervor; better crucify refined taste than quench holy passion; better have the outward forms of devotion imperfect and inartistic, than lose the spirit, which alone gives them value; better that music should be discordant than soulless, the prayers broken and rugged than cold and undevout, the altar bare and unattractive than the fire that ought to burn on it extinguished, the temple rude and unshapely than the God absent.

Manufactures in Massachusetts.

The Lowell (Mass.) *Courier* has the following paragraph: "The items of manufacturing news found in the newspapers two or three months ago showed that the mills of New England were divided into two classes—those which were running on full time and those which were reducing time. The principal part of those items related to the reduction of time, wages, or production. But within the last month a very notable change has taken place. The classes now are, the mills which are running on full time and those which are increasing from one-half or two-thirds time to their full production. Perhaps no better gauge of the condition of the manufacturing interests in New England could be found than this, and the result is certainly very encouraging."

Walking the streets of Cleveland the other day a young lady met a gentleman whose offer of marriage she had some months previously rejected. She had repented her hastily formed decision and informed him of the fact in this shrewd style: "You have no tact in matters of love. You should have asked me again."

THE BANK NOTE.

What a Five Dollar Bill Did when once Started on Its Road to Pay Debts.

The following amusing scene, which occurred recently in an American family, will be found not uninteresting to our readers. The chief *role* is played by Money, the prime mover in such affairs. An eye-witness related to us the occurrence in the following words:

One evening that I took tea with an intimate friend of mine, while we were seated at the table, Mr. Baker, my friend's husband, while absently feeling in his vest pocket, found a five-dollar note which he had no recollection of putting there.

"Holloa!" he exclaimed; "that is no place for you. I should have put you in my pocket-book. Here, wife, don't you want some ready money?" and he threw the note across the table to her.

"Many thanks," she replied; "money is always acceptable, although I have no present need of it." She folded the note and put it under the edge of the tea-tray, and then proceeded to pour out the tea and attend to her guests.

At her right sat Mrs. Faston or Aunt Susan, whom we all knew as an old acquaintance who from time to time spent a week with Mrs. Baker. Her visit was just at an end, and she was about to return home that evening. As Mrs. Baker was pouring out her tea it occurred to her that she was somewhat in her aunt's debt for certain small matters, and when she had the opportunity she pushed the note under her plate, saying:

"Here, aunty, take this five dollars in part payment of my debt."

"Very well," she replied, "but the money does not belong to me. I owe you fifteen dollars, my dear Grace, which you lent me last Saturday. I had to pay the taxes on my little house and had not the ready money at hand, and Grace lent it me," exclaimed Aunt Susan.

Grace, an orphan, was a cousin to Mrs. Baker. She and her brother Frank boarded with her, and made a very pleasant addition to the family circle. She was studying music, and her brother was clerk in a mercantile establishment.

As soon as Aunt Susan received the note, she handed it to Grace, saying, "I will give you this now on account, and the rest as soon as I get it."

"All right," answered Grace, laughing, "and since we all seem to be in the humor to pay our debts, I will follow suit. Frank, I owe you something for music you have bought me, here is part of it;" and she threw the bank note across the table to her brother, who sat opposite.

We were all highly amused to see how the note wandered round the table.

"That is a wonderful note," said Mr. Baker. "I only wish somebody owed me something, and I owed somebody something, so that I could come into the ring."

"You can," said Frank. "I owe Mrs. Baker or you, it's all the same, for my board; I herewith pay you part of it."

Amid general laughter Mr. Baker took the note, and playfully threw it again to his wife, saying, "It's yours again, Lucy, because what belongs to me, belongs to you. It has completed the round, and we have all had the benefit of it.

"And now it must go around again," replied she, gayly. "I like to see money circulate, it should never lie idle. Aunt Susan, you take it; now I have paid you ten dollars."

"Dear Grace, here is another five dollars on my account," said Aunt Susan, handing it to Grace.

"And you, Frank, have received ten dollars for the music you bought me," said Grace, handing it to her brother.

"And I pay you ten dollars for my board," continued he, and the note once more rested in Mr. Baker's hands. The exchanges were as quick as thought, and we were all convulsed with laughter.

"Was there ever so wonderful an exchange!" exclaimed Grace.

"It's all nonsense," cried Mr. Baker.

"Not in the least," answered his wife, "it's all quite right."

"Certainly," said Frank, "when the money belongs to you, you could dispose of it as you would; I have the same right. It is a fair kind of exchange, although very uncommon."

"It shows the use of money," said Aunt Susan; "it makes the circuit of the world, and brings its value to every one who touches it."

"And this note has not finished its work yet, as I will show you, my dear husband, if you will give it to me again," said Mrs. Baker.

"I present you with this five dollar note," said Mrs. Baker, bowing deeply.

"And I give to you, Aunt Susan—I owed you fifteen dollars, and I have paid my debt."

"You have, my dear friend, without doubt, and now, dear Grace, I pay you my indebtedness with many thanks for your assistance."

"I take it with thanks, Aunt Susan," replied Grace; "and now the time has come when this wonder-working, this inexhaustibly rich bank note must be divided, because I can't owe Frank five dollars more. How much have I to pay you?"

"Two dollars and sixty-two cents," replied Frank.

"Can you change it?"

"Let me see, two thirty-eight; yes, there is the change, the spell is broken, Grace, and you and I divide the spoils."

"This bank-note beats all I ever saw. How much has it paid? Let us count up," said Grace.

"Mrs. Baker gave Aunt Susan fifteen dollars, which Aunt Susan gave to me—I gave Frank twelve dollars and sixty-two cents—Frank gave Mr. Baker ten dollars—altogether fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents."

"It's all nonsense, I tell you," cried Mr. Baker again; "you all owe each other what you owed before."

"You are deceived, my dear, by the rapid unbroken race this little sum has made; to me it is as clear as daylight," replied Mrs. Baker.

"If it is all nonsense, how could the note which you gave Mrs. Baker, if nothing to me or to you, be divided between us two?" asked Grace.

Mr. Baker didn't seem to see it very clearly, but the others did, and they often relate this little history for the amusement of their friends.

Gold Fish.

Seth Green says this as to the proper care and treatment of gold fish: Never take the fish in your hand. If the aquarium needs cleaning, make a net of mosquito netting and take the fish in it. There are many gold fish killed by handling. Keep your aquarium clean, so that the water looks as clear as crystal. Watch the fish a little, and you will find out when they are all right. Feed them all they will eat, and anything they will eat—worms, meat, fish water and fish spawn. Take great care that you take all they do not eat out of the aquarium. Any decayed meat or vegetables in the water has the same smell to a fish that it does to you in the air. If your gold fish die, it is attributable, as a rule, to one of the causes—handling, starvation, or bad water.

"The President will entertain the King of the Hawaiian Islands at a state dinner," says an exchange. A *state* dinner! Why, we would have supposed that the President would never think of entertaining a king at anything short of a United States dinner.

Don't Kiss the Baby.

The promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practise, the *Scientific American* says. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Yes, madam, murderous; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend Mrs. Brown the other day, with a strip of flannel round your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room, didn't you pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic. Your caresses were fatal.

Two or three days after, the little pet began to complain of a sore throat too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming; and when the doctor came, the single word diphtheria sufficed to explain them all. To-day a little mound in Greenwood is the sole memento of your visit.

Of course the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect, you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence. The doctor says nothing to disturb the delusion; that would be impolitic, if not cruel; but to an outsider he is free to say that the child's death was due directly to your infernal stupidity. Those are precisely his words: more forcible than elegant, it is true; but who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? Remember

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

It would be hard to tell how much of the prevalent sickness and mortality from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule, adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold; and as a cold is not contagious, they think nothing of exposing others to their breath or to the greater danger of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well established fact that diphtheria is usually, if not always, communicated by the direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the further fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic.

It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria about the same relation that promiscuous hand-shaking formerly did to the itch.

It were better to avoid the practice. The children will not suffer if they go unkissed; and their friends ought for their sake to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware, then, of playing Judas, and let the babies alone.

Hog-Packing Statistics.

The *Price Current*, a leading authority upon hog-packing statistics, gives a very full preliminary report of the pork packing in the West. Returns have been received from points which packed last season nine-tenths of all packed at interior points, which give the aggregate packing to dates, ranging from 9th to 16th of December, at 279 points as 1,190,000 head, against 1,097,000, an increase of 93,000. These points packed last season a total of 1,887,000, out of 2,084,000, the whole number packed at interior points during the season of 1873 and 1874. The average of weights indicates a falling off of about 21 pounds per head, or 10 per cent. from the last season, with fully a corresponding decrease in the yield of lard. No estimates are given for the season as it is designed to furnish such information two weeks later; when such estimates can be more satisfactorily and reliably calculated. The packing at the six principal cities is given at 2,010,000 head to date, against 2,070,000 last year. The interior points not heard from packed 196,954 head last season, and should these points show a corresponding increase this season, the total packing at the interior points, in round numbers, is 1,400,000, and including the six leading cities, aggregates 3,409,000 head, against 3,280,000 last year.

From a Cannon's Mouth.

Professor Seeyle, in a recent lecture, gives a different explanation of this famous mode of punishment from that which is often entertained. He says:

It is well for us to understand, when we see the papers, as they occasionally do, taking up the subject of English barbarity, what is the meaning of this "barbarity." I have found persons who supposed the punishment of firing Sepoys from a cannon's mouth meant that Sepoys were actually put inside the cannon and fired out. In reality the victim was put about six feet in front of the cannon, which was heavily loaded with powder alone; and I was told that no person unfamiliar with artilery would have any idea of the minuteness of the fragments into which the body was scattered. This was a great punishment, not on account of the manner of death, but because the body was scattered and denied the rites of burial. This is a terrible thing for a Hindoo, and the English report and believe that a rebely lion was stopped there just by the sturdy statement of an English officer, who said that if there were any signs of mutiny he would subject all mutineers to this punishment.

Petroleum as Fuel.

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., Jan. 21, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

Congresman Speer, of the Huntingdon district, has introduced a bill for the repeal of the duty on friction matches. Let the law compelling stamping of checks also be repealed—it is both a bother and a nuisance.

They have now identified the horse which the abductors of Charley Ross drove; they have shot the abductors of Charley, and next—the intelligence will come that Charley himself has not yet been found.

It is rumored—and is highly probable—that Mr. Wallace, if elected to the U. S. Senate—will not resign his seat in the state senate before the 4th of March, in which event there would be no election for state senator before next Nov.

On 12, in the lower house, at Harrisburg, resolutions were adopted censuring president Grant for the outrage committed against the state of Louisiana. Many other state legislatures have passed similar resolutions, and governors have sent in special messages arraigning the president for his unlawful action.

From the resolution of the Democratic Standing Committee, published in another column, it will be seen that the late Dem. Co. Convention is to re-assemble on Feb. 2, to nominate a candidate for Assembly; also that on Saturday preceding, 30 Jan., the democratic voters will meet at the places for holding elections to re-instruct the delegates. Remember, then, democrats, Saturday 30 inst., you can instruct your delegates whom to support for Assembly. Be at your post on that day—it is important. The legislature is close, and we must have a good and true representative at Harrisburg.

The more Grant's Louisiana outrage is received in detail, the blacker becomes his crime against the country. Besides taking possession of the state-house and dispersing the legally elected and organized legislature with the bayonet—because it was democratic—a later account shows what other means were ready for bloody work and destruction, viz:

"During the day and about the hour of the assembling of the Legislature the guns of the flag-ship were loaded, manned and pointed in the direction of the State-House! So you see every appliance of the General Government, everything at Kellogg's command, was employed to prevent the organization of the House in the interests of the Democrats. It is the impression here that the first step towards imperialism has been made. The people are stunned. They see, for the second time in two years, the fruits of a fair victory at the polls snatched from their hands by Federal intervention. They see, and I might almost say they feel, the Federal bayonets at their throats, and—they know of no present redress."

When we think of the overwhelming victory achieved by the democrats in Louisiana, on the same day that New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and a score of other states routed Grantism, it will make any true patriot's blood boil to read of the outrage against a sovereign state to defeat the will of its people, without the semblance of law. It is too much to ask freemen to submit to such things.

Here is something that may interest Supervisors everywhere. Persons sustaining losses on account of the bad condition of roads, can recover damages. A case of the kind occured in Union county, which is related by the Telegraph as follows: On or about the 4th ult., Mr. J. E. Buoy, of Limestone twp., whilst driving on the highway along Penns Creek, met with an accident, by reason of the bad condition of the road, his horse falling down an embankment, into the creek, and was drowned. He immediately made complaint to the Supervisors of said township, Messrs. Jas. Crossgrove and Daniel Smith, putting his damages at $100. Failing to pay the same, suit was brought and the case tested before Esq., Getgen on Monday week, F. J. R. Zeller, of Snyder Co., appearing as counsel for Pl'ff. Decision was rendered in favor of Mr. Buoy, the Justice awarding him $50 damages.

The National House of Representatives on 7th passed the Senate finance bill by a vote of 136 yeas to 99 nays, and it now only needs the President's signature to become a law. That it accords with his views and will receive his approval there is no doubt. The leading features of the bill are *First.* Free banking. *Second.* The retiring of an amount of greenbacks equal to eighty per cent. of the new national notes issued, until the greenback circulation shall be reduced to $3,000,000, after which no further reduction of the greenbacks is to take place. *Third.* The withdrawal and destruction of the fractional currency and the substitution of silver coin, the arrangement to go into effect as soon as practicable, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, who is authorized to use the surplus money for supplying the silver coin, and if this is not sufficient, to sell the requisite amount of bonds of the new series to obtain the funds for that purpose. *Fourth.* Removing the charge for the coinage of gold at the several mints. *Fifth.* The resumption of specie payments, to commence on the 1st day of January, 1879.

The democratic standing committee which met at Bellefonte, on Saturday last, to take action relative to calling a convention to make nominations for the pending special election, resolved that the former instructions were not binding beyond the convention held in August, and that the different districts are empowered to send their delegates to the special convention with new instructions. This action is proper and sensible, and can not fail to be satisfactory to the people, as it puts the matter into their own hands. Interested ones who are afraid of the people may not like this.

Francis Kernan, democrat, will be the next U. S. Senator from New York. Mr. Kernan is an able man, and New York will be well represented.

Andy Johnson, it now seems certain, will be elected U. S. Senator from Tennessee.

Gen. Frank M. Cockrell, democrat, will be elected U. S. Senator from Missouri, in place of Schurz. Hope he will prove as able as Schurz.

Pinchback, mulatto, has been elected U. S. Senator, by the Sheridan legislature of Louisiana.

THE LOUISIANA REPORT.

The report of the sub-committee on Louisiana affairs is laid before the public, and as the work of three Congressmen who personally investigated the condition of the State, and whose ability and impartiality are not to be questioned, it will have great weight. It is, indeed, the only authoritative and trustworthy statement of Louisiana affairs that has yet been made, and in many essential points contradicts the information on which the President based his message. So great is the contradiction that it is almost safe to suppose that if the report had been given to Congress early in the week that message in its present shape could never have appeared. What Congress will do with it, it is impossible to say, but the country will accept it as the vindication of Louisiana.

We will publish this report in the Reporter next week—and as it comes from two republicans and one democrat, who were appointed on account of their high standing, we ask for it the attentive perusal of every republican as well as of democrats.

CROMWELL AND SHERIDAN.

Cromwell, the night after his soldiers had expelled the objectionable members from the house of commons, in 1648:

"I knew nothing of these late proceedings, but since the work has been done, I am glad of it, and will endeavor to maintain it."

Sheridan to Belknap after his soldiers had forcibly ejected the democratic members from the house of representatives in New Orleans, in 1875:

"I was not in command of this department until nine o'clock at night on the 4th instant, but I fully endorse and am willing to be held responsible for acts of the military as conservators of the public peace on that day."

History brands Cromwell as a military usurper. What is Sheridan?

WALLACE THE CAUCUS NOMINEE.

Wm. A. Wallace, on last Thursday, received the democratic caucus nomination for U. S. Senator. This is equivalent to his election, unless two or three democrats should prove treacherous on 19th, when the election takes place. There is no fear of this, however, and we look upon Mr. Wallace's election as certain, since his vote in caucus was so large.

Following is the result of the first ballot in caucus:

Wallace	100
Clymer	14
Black	8

Six of the members who supported Mr. Black changed their votes in favor of Mr. Wallace, thus making the final result as follows:

Wallace	106
Clymer	14
Black	2

LOUISIANA.

Washington, D. C., January 16.—The report of the special committee of the House of Representatives on the true condition of affairs in Louisiana, published in full here to-day and throughout the country, is pronounced the cap-stone of the refutation to the long column of slanders and falsehoods by which the President, and more latterly his satrap, General Sheridan, have maintained the authority of the Kellogg usurpation. The character of the sub-committee is so high in both political parties—Messrs. Foster, Phelps on one hand and Mr. Potter on the other—that no one has been found to-day who doubts the absolute truth of their statements. The report has had the effect even in a day to create quite a revolution of sentiment among the supporters and adherents of the Administration who favor fair play rather than fraud and violence in the Louisiana situation. They find that there is absolutely no defence to be made of the Returning Board which cheated the Conservatives out of the control of the Legislature by the fabricated accounts of intimidation in the Parish of Rapides, while many of them now swell the tide of indignation at the course of the Federal troops in perpetuating the infamy by force of arms. The Administration is exceedingly anxious that the rest of the Republican members of the committee should go to New Orleans and take testimony, to see if this report cannot be impeached or mollified some way in the interests of the Radical party.

Assembly.

We are authorized to announce B. F. Philips, of Aaronsburg, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the usages of democratic party.

ASSEMBLY.—*Mr. Kurtz*—I was pleased to see Hon. Sam'l Gilliland recommended in last week's Reporter, for Assembly. He is a common man and the friend of the common classes and seems to be the choice of the people generally. He is a gentleman of large intelligence, good judgment, and no more upright citizen can be found in the county. He is not a beging office-seeker, but will serve the people if they call upon him. Let us have the old-fashioned, upright men as our lawmakers, and the public will have better servants. POTTER.

A SOUND WORD OF ADVICE.—*Hon F. Kurtz—Dear Sir.* As it becomes our duty to elect a man to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented S. S. Wolf we should certainly be very cautious, and endeavor to get a good man—a man of sound principles, honest and upright in all his actions, one in whom the democracy of Centre county can place implicit confidence, and who is willing to serve the people and work for the general welfare of his constituents. Sometimes men are aspiring to office who are so selfish that when they fail in their efforts, they will either go back on their former friends or else talk of coming before the people as independent candidates, or if not independant candidates, they become so lukewarm on the subject of politics that you scarcely think they had ever been candidates for office, and sometimes even throw barriers in the way of their successful competitors in order to defeat them, and perhaps for the sake of having a little revenge, will vote for a republican, or an independent candidate rather than for the regular nominee of their own party. Such men I do think should not be nominated. In the first place, you cannot trust them. In the second place, they do not hesitate to sacrifice their word and honor in order to accomplish their own selfish aims. Now I would say, fellow Democrats, let us always nominate men who are not so over anxious for office, but who are willing to serve providing the people say so, and moreover who are willing to fall in ranks as privates and help to fight and gain the victory in case they should be defeated in the nomination.

Such men we can trust, such men I consider true to their pledges, and such men deserve our united support. I do hope, fellow Democrats, the day is at hand when the people shall select the candidates, and not the candidates going to every nook and corner in the county, and by fair promises, and perhaps dishonest pledges persuade the people to support them. Let us be honest in politics as well as in all our other actions, and no doubt the party will prosper and our country will be the better for it. A DEMOCRAT.

FROM HARRISBURG—WALLACE ELECTED.

Wm. A Wallace was elected U. S. Senator on Tuesday.

Mr. Fagan, democratic member of the House, from Philadelphia, died on Monday at Harrisburg.

A writ has been issued for holding a special election in Centre Co., on 16 of February.

GRANT'S PLOT EXPOSED.

The World's Washington, correspondent, a few days ago, made the following revelations:

A disgusted Republican Senator, sickened by Lieutenant-General Sheridan's brutal suggestion that he be left to deal with the "banditti" of New Orleans, has let the cat out of the caucus bag. The reason for the protracted deliberations of the Senate caucus is now made plain. Grant has all along been master of the situation, but refused to come to terms with the Senators unless they came into his policy, and supported his third-term pretensions. Kellogg was duly instructed by Williams to postpone action of the Returning Board until the Senate was definitely heard from. Williams conducted all the negotiations, and told the Senators plainly that their tenure of power depended entirely on Grant. In this position he was ardently backed up by the carpet-bag Senators. Grant's ultimatum was simply "duck or no dinner." He said, in effect, "Support me for a third term and I keep your party in power. Refuse to support me, and I will let up on the Southern whites and overboard you go. You cannot be President, any of you, for I mean to be that myself. But you can stay as you are, provided you support me." Morton and Logan kicked against this for a good while, but finally yielded. Conkling surrendered at once. The nomination by Grant of some Liberal Republicans to important offices hurried the caucus proceedings, and the programme was finally adopted.

It is as follows:

1. Third term for Grant.
2. Civil Rights bill signed by Grant.
3. Sherman's Finance bill accepted both by Congress and the Executive.
4. Money put where it will do most good under pretense of favoring transportation schemes.
5. A new war in the South to compel Grant's re-election.

It was thought the action of the Returning Board would provoke the White League to violence; but Grant had private advises to the contrary. Hence Sheridan was sent to New Orleans. The object here was two fold—to drive Louisiana into insurrection and to mortify Sherman into resigning. His present position is dangerous to Caesar's plots and plans. But Sherman cannot be got to resign. He has quite as much "stick" in him as Stanton had, and Grant will find he has crossed the rubicon in vain.

Another correspondent relating how the plot was thickening says:

The attempt of Secretary Belknap, through his mouth-piece, Senator West, to make it appear that General Sherman was not ignored in the sending of Sheridan to New Orleans, was unsuccessful. It could not have been otherwise. It is notorious that for months past General Sherman has not only been ignored with regard to official matters which by right should have been laid before him, but has been treated with marked disrespect; and this with a view to forcing him to resign, that Sheridan may be appointed General of the Army. If this plot succeeds the headquarters of the army will again be established to the capital, whence General Sherman was driven because he refused to be a party to this war upon the South, long meditated and now inaugurated in Louisiana. The semi-official announcements that in the Cabinet meeting of Tuesday last the conduct of Sheridan was fully approved, did not suffice, and Secretary Belknap was impelled to lay before the public his telegrams to Sheridan. Fearing his first telegram was not explicit enough to reach the comprehension of Sheridan's befuddled intellect, he forwarded a second despatch, covering future as well as past acts, in these words:

Be assured that the President and Cabinet confide in your wisdom and rest in the belief that all acts of yours have been and will be judicious.

If these words mean anything, their object is to encourage Sheridan to pursue the incendiary line of policy outlined in his despatches to the Secretary. The labors of the Secretary of War do not stop here, however. He is in daily attendance at the Senate, urging on the Radicals of that body and shamelessly attempting to lobby away the liberties of the American people. Attorney-General Williams, with his slander-mill, steps to the rear and the Secretary of War comes boldly to the front, as the stage manager of what Grant purposes shall be a bloody drama.

The Senate, by the opposition of its leaders to Mr. Thurman's resolution, stands fully committed to the policy of Grant and Sheridan. The House has not yet met the issue squarely, though Mr. McKee, a carpet-bagger from Mississippi, was outspoken enough yesterday, but it has not condemned the Louisiana outrage, and thus tacitly acquiesces in it.

GOV. TILDEN ON THE LOUISIANA OUTRAGE.

Gov. Tilden, on Tuesday of last week sent a special message to the New York legislature, relative to Grant's crime against Louisiana, which is so plain, sound and logical, that no fairminded men will dispute the governor's reasoning. Gov. Tilden says:

On your reassembling I deem it to be my duty to invite your attention to grave events which have transpired in our sister State of Louisiana. The interval of your adjournment has afforded you an opportunity to receive statements of parties concerned in those occurrences, particularly that of Lieutenant General Sheridan in his official report to the Secretary of War, dated January 8, 1875. You are now enabled to know with certainty all the facts necessary to form a just and deliberate judgment as to the nature of the principal acts which have created so much public excitement. According to the official report of Gen. Sheridan United States soldiers entered the House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana while that body was in session, and removed from it five of its members. The pretexts for that act are:

First. That it was done under directions from the Governor of the State recognized by the President.

Second. The persons removed had been illegally seated, and had no legal right to be there.

Third. Fear existed in the mind of General Sheridan that in some undefined contingency violence might happen.

With respect to the first and second of these pretexts, it is a decisive answer that the Louisiana House of Representatives had by the constitution of that State exclusive judgment of the right of its members to seats; that its judgment is subject to no review by any judicial authority, still less by the Governor or by officers of the United States army; that its judgment in favor of these members, thus partly reviewed, is binding in law and conclusive upon the Governor and Lieutenant General Sheridan, and upon everybody else. In respect to the third pretext, the fear in the mind of Lieutenant General Sheridan of possible future violence, when no violence really existed, is not only no lawful occasion, but even no excuse for an invasion of the right of the House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana to judge for itself of the title to seats of its own members. Interference by United States soldiers is not only unlawful, but it was without color of legality. It was an act of naked physical force in violation of the laws and the constitution of Louisiana and of the laws and Constitution of the United States. There is a case of a disputed seat in the Senate of this State now pending, and another was determined at the last session. The transaction in Louisiana is as if, at the instance of the Governor of this State, General Hancock or any officer specially deputed by the President commanding in this department should send a file of Federal soldiers and remove the incumbent to whom the seat has been adjudged by the Senate. That disorders have formerly existed in Louisiana makes no difference, for the laws to which the President and Congress are parties recognize the complete restoration of her autonomy. The right of her legislative bodies to determine the title of their members is as perfect and absolute as the right of the Assembly or the Senate of New York. The animus of the transaction as indicated by the correspondence between Lieutenant General Sheridan and the Secretary of War is infinitely worse than the transaction itself. On the day after this event Lieutenant General Sheridan sent a despatch proposing that a class of citizens, indefinite in numbers and descriptions, should be declared, either by act of Congress or by proclamation of the President, to be banditti, and then intimated his purpose to try them and execute them by military commission. On the next day General Belknap, the Secretary of War, telegraphed to General Sheridan that "The President and all of us have full confidence in and thoroughly approve your course." The nature of the acts thus proposed by the second officer in command of the army of the United States, and thus adopted and sanctioned by the President and his constitutional advisers, is plainly declared by the common law in the recent case of "The Queen against Nelson." The present Lord Chief Justice of England, in delivering the charge to the grand jury, declared that, supposing there is no jurisdiction at all, that the whole proceeding is *coram non judice*; that the judicial functions are exercised by persons who have no judicial authority or power, and a man's life is taken—that is murder, for murder is putting a man to death without a justification, or without any of those mitigating circumstances which reduce the crime of murder to one of a lower degree. * * * *

New York, first of the Commonwealths of the American Union in population and resources and in military power, should declare her sentiments on this occasion with a distinctness, a dignity, and a solemn emphasis which will command the thoughtful attention of Congress, of her sister States, and of the people of our whole country with the same unanimity with which she upheld the arms of the Union in the past conflict. She should now address herself to the great and most sacred duty of re-establishing civil liberty and the personal rights of individuals, of restoring the ideas and habits of freedom, and of re-asserting the supremacy of the civil authorities over military power throughout the Republic. SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

In England the day was once observed with much interest and fervor; but of late the celebration there, as in this country, has dwindled to the mere anonymous sending of epistolary pleasantries in prose or verse. Valentine parties have recently come into vogue here, and when the guests enter into the spirit of them, these are really very entertaining. They are conducted in two ways. The hostess invites her friends, expecting each to send at least one valentine, original verses of a humorous or bantering sort being most desirable. The writer, who need not reveal his or her name beforehand, even to the hostess, must indicate whether the missives are intended for gentlemen or ladies, the hostess addressing them as she chooses, without knowing their contents. The other way is for the hostess to furnish to each of her guests a list of those expected, thereby giving them an opportunity to write their valentines to particular persons. The valentines should be sent to her before the party, and she should be careful to provide herself with a few extra ones for such of her guests as may have been overlooked. When the guests have assembled, the lady of the house produces the valentines, and delivers them, one at a time, the recipients being compelled to read them aloud, for the benefit of the company. Some of the missives will be so pertinent, and others so inapt, that they cannot fail to be amusing. If one guest finds himself good-humoredly laughed at, he has the satisfaction of laughing at others in turn, so that any petty feeling of annoyance that may be experienced will be dispelled and forgotten in the general merriment.

Persons sometimes, in sending valentines, make the innovation of inclosing gifts of small value, coupled with such graceful phrases as will insure the acceptance of the gift. Other stake advantage of the occasion to give presents of considerable worth to people in humble circumstances, to whom charity could not be offered. Thus the memory of the geniel St. Valentine may be perpetuated, not only by social pleasures, but by positive practical good.—*"Home and Society;" Scribner for Feb.*

BOLD BANK ROBBERY.

Scranton, January 14.—A most daring and successful descent was made upon the First National bank of Carbondale, at fifteen minutes after twelve o'clock to-day, while the teller G. D. Couch, and a clerk were absent at dinner, leaving only the cashier, James Stott, in the bank. Mr. Stott is quite an old man and suffers from ill health and is very feeble. Two men came in a front door of the bank and one of them asked for the change of a five dollar bill Mr. Stott stooped down to comply with the request when the man reached over, grabbed his head and pinned it to the desk while his companion jumped over and bound and gagged him. They then hastily gathered up all the currency they could find, amounting to about $10,000, but fortunately overlooked a package containing $15,000. They were disturbed by a woman coming to the front door and escaped by the back door, crossing the river on the ice, and were seen to enter a sleigh and drive off. It is thought, however they did not go far before secreting themselves, and at 1,40 two men were arrested on suspicion and are having a hearing.

The Pennsylvania Editorial Association meets in Harrisburg on the 27th inst.

A clerk named Wilson, is missing from his home in Williamsburg, Blair county.

Mr. Bryan, an old and respectable citizen of Alexandria, died on Monday the 4th inst.

Capt. James Bell, a prominent resident of Tyrone, Blair county, died recently.

A GREAT STRIKE IMPENDING.

Hazelton, Penn, Jan. 11—A conference between delegates of the miners and operators took place here to-day. The delegates represented the Hollywood, Minersville, Highland, Jeddo, Humbelt, Harleigh, Beaver Medow, Ebervale, Mount Pleasant, Hazelton, Stockton, Upper Lehigh, Eckley, Yorktown, Lattimer, Jeansville, Beaver Brook, Buck Mountain, Audenried and Driffden Mines. These delegates represented 6,000 men, and the total number to be affected by a suspension will amount to 20,000 along the line of the Lehigh River and Central Railroad in the Lehigh region. All the delegates expressed great opposition to the proposed basis, and a determination was expressed to hold out against it.

The miners resolved that there should be an open meeting between the delegates and the operators, and a circular was adopted addressed to the operators, showing the fallacy of the argument that the cost of living had declined to ante-war prices, asserting that the cost of living now was from 85 to 45 per cent beyond the prices of 1860, and that wages though apparently a little more are actually less sufficient to provide the necessaries and comforts of life than fifteen years ago. The following extract will indicate its temper:

We include comforts, because we do believe that men who labor in the sweat of their brows, and who daily and hourly imperil their lives, have a right to at least the crumbs which fall from the tables of those who are enriched by their labors. We have serious doubts that arguments of any kind will have much influence with these gentlemen. By the attitude they assumed at the last conference they seemed to be willing to let the convention force itself upon them; but we will faithfully try to convince these gentlemen, and the people at large will at least see that our demands are reasonable, and that the refusal to accede is rather based on the tyranny and force of capital than on fair and equitable dealing. Living costs twice as much now; but there is still another serious matter under consideration. We have learned to live; we have learned to send our children to school instead of making them work in tender youth, to assist their fathers to earn bread for the family. Why ask a reduction in the wages of poor laborers to increase your wealth? Why should not Richards be asked to reduce exorbitant tolls, and the coal companies to reduce their princely dividends?

Gentlemen, be just; consider the poor families of your workmen; consider that you are rich and we are poor; consider the future; consider eternity, and we are not afraid that you will speak any more about reducing the wages of your laborers.

A secret session of operators took place, the proceedings of which are unknown, but the result is known to be a persistence in the resolutions adopted at the meeting of Dec. 31. At the opening of the meeting of the miners and operatives, Mr. Pardee spoke for the operatives, and Mr. Williams followed for the miners. The circular was then read by President McGarvey of the Miners' Benevolent Association, and he in conclusion told the operatives that the miners had come together, and the unanimous result was that they refused to accept the offer of the operators, but said the miners would agree to a suspension of the operators for one month. The meeting finally adjourned, subject to the call by the members of both committees. The general feeling is that there will be a great strike, even worse than that of 1869.

THE HOUSE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

The Democratic majority of the House held a caucus on Monday afternoon 4th. The chairman was Mr. James S. Lusk, of Butler, and the secretaries W. P. Withington, of Northumberland, J. Miles Jamison, of Bucks, and T. F. Miller, of Philadelphia. Candidates were named for Speaker, and S. F. Patterson, of Allegheny, was nominated by 82 votes as against 18 for W. Cooper Talley, of Delaware, and 5 for F. W. Gunster, of Luzerne. The nomination of Mr. Patterson was made unanimous. The candidates for Chief Clerk were: Adam Woolever of Lehigh, George McGowan of Philadelphia, H. J. McAteer of Huntingdon, Charles B. Brockway of Columbia, Charles King of Schuylkill, R. Brown of Clarion, and William P. Furey of Philadelphia.

The first ballot was: Woolever, 44, McGowan, 17; McAteer, 20; Brockway, 5; King, 2; Brown, 16, and Furey, 2. The second ballot was: Woolever, 63; McGowan, 16, McAteer, 13; Brockway, 3, and Brown, 11. Mr. Woolever was accordingly nominated for Chief Clerk, and was elected next day. It was agreed to appoint a committee of twenty-one to name the remaining officers of the House, and this committee met in the evening and were occupied to a late hour. Among the nominations were those of Elbridge McConkey for Resident Clerk in place of John Smull, and of Mr. Herbert, of Mercer, for Reading Clerk. The above caucus nominees were all elected by the House next day.

Senator Cutler of Erie, was elected Speaker *pro tem*, of the Senate and will administer the office until January 19, when Lieutenant Governor Latta will preside.

The Republican majority of the Senate will alter the rules of that body so that the standing committee will be elected instead of appointed by the presiding officer. An anonymous circular has been prepared and distributed by those who oppose William A. Wallace for united States Senator. It was sent from Columbia county, and is not regarded of any particular weight. It quotes from the constitution to prove that a State Senator cannot be legally elected to any other position during his term, but it does not appear that there is anything to prevent a State Senator from resigning one office before he assumes another. Mr. Wallace is still regarded as the most prominent candidate.

The Beecher-Tilton trial in Brooklyn on 12, attracted the usual crowd. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, his wife and son, and Assistant Pastor Halliday occupied seats behind their counsel. Mr. Moulton and and Mr. Tilton had seats on either side of ex-Judge Fullerton. Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. Ovington came in with Judge Morse and Ira Wheeler, and took positions behind Mr. Hill. Public curiosity was raised to the highest pitch by their appearance. Mr. Morris continued his opening speech and had not concluded at the adjournment.

Mr. Morris towards the close read the following letter, which he said Mr. Beecher in his agony had drawn up, and would have sent to Plymouth Church but for Moulton's intervention.

May 31, 1873.

To the Trustees of Plymouth Church:

I tender herewith my resignation of the sacred ministry of Plymouth Church. For two years I have stood with great sorrow among you in order to shield from shame a certain household, but a recent publication makes this no longer feasible. I resign my ministry.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SHERIDAN AS A MILITARY DESPOT.

New Orleans, Jan. 5.—Gen. Sheridan has sent the following despatch:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF MO.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., JAN. 5, 1875.

Hon. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War,

I think the terrorism now existing in Louisiana, Missisippi, and Arkansas could be entirely removed, and confidence and fair dealing established, by the arrest and trial of the ringleaders of the armed White Leagues. If Congress would pass a bill declaring them bandits, they could be tried by a military commission. This banditti, who murdered men here on the 14th of last September, also more recently at Vicksburg, Miss., should, in justice to law and order and the peace and prosperity of this southern part of the county, be punished. It is possible that if the President would issue a proclamation declaring them banditti, no further action need be taken except that which would devolve upon me. P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieut. General U. S. A.

The city is very quiet to-day; no unusual demonstration in any quarter. The military still occupy the State House.

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Williamsport, January 8.—The state grange of patrons of husbandry, in session here all week, closed their proceedings to-night. About two thousand persons were present. Much business was transacted of interest to the farming class.

STEAMER LOST—26 PERSONS DROWNED.

London January 10.—The Steamer Kathleen Mary from Odessa for Falmouth has been lost at sea and 26 persons drowned.

RELIGION OUTSIDE OF SELF.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage preached in the Fifth Avenue Babtist Church on "Personal Religion in its relations to Domestic Life, Business, and Politics." His text was; "Ye are the salt of the earth." Mathew v., 13.

Salt, said Dr. Armitage, is not only a preventive against corruption and an element of nutrition, but an active force of preservation. It is used, therefore, in the text to indicate the sanitary power of the love of the people of God. As salt gives savor and preserves, so the decipies of Christ may by their holy examples of life preserve all from the polution of sin. As salt imparts its sanitary properties to other bodies, so our personal religion should be imparted to others. This is the idea of the text. It is not the salt of man or of a community, but of the whole earth. The piety of the world is its salt. It is good in times like these to look broadly at things, for the tendency of political and religious thought to-day is in the direction of individualization. Much of the political and religious preaching of the day seems to countenance the maxim: "Every man for himself." But there is another side to life that needs to be expanded, namely, that individual interests are identical with universal interests. It is impossible to convert the world until every man in it is converted. One cannot get along without the others. So in a school, those in advance are retarded by the ones behind. The scholar must wait for the dunce. Some say, "What is it to me that men a thousand miles away, or even in the next street, are ignorant and superstitious? I am not." But it is something to you. You can never be perfect while they are imperfect. The man who contributes to the universal well-being advances his own best interests. Christian life is well illustrated by the growth of a tree. In its first stage of existence it is only a seed, utterly self-contained. When it breaks the ground and begins to grow, it looks to be in sympathy with all around it. It is now in the stage of preparation. While its branches are spreading wider, its roots and stem are growing stronger, to prepare it to stand up against the storm. The most widely branching tree has also the strongest roots. It takes and it gives out equally. When in nature we have the sublime form of receiving we have also the sublime form of giving. So it should be with personal religion. The religion of Jesus Christ manifests itself always in the person. Mercy. "What shall I do to be saved?" is the first manifestation of Christian life. The soul cries to be satisfied. But, as a child, when it sees the smile of affection it is attracted and interested, and begins to develope. As long as the religious life expresses itself in mere self-concern it is weak, narrow and in the first stage of existance. When a man becomes wrapped up in himself religiously he is a religious epicure. To be crucified with Christ does not mean simply to watch the crucifixion, or to accept it as a historical fact. The chief question must not be only, "Where shall I obtain good?" but that which grows out of it: "How shall I do good?" A Christian should not ask to be shown to all the good he can get, but to lead into the mystery of Christ's death. As long as the spiritual life is concerned only with itself it will be stunted, feeble, and shut out from light and air. A self-indulegent or self-opinionated man can never be spiritual. Selfishness must sink itself into truth. There must be fasting from our own will in order that God's will may be done.

Take your personal religion out of yourself and put it into your domestic life. The nation recruits itself in our homes. The home is the nursery of ideas, sentiments, and feelings. If ideas are not born at home, they are brought home to be nursed—one of the two. There must be one of the family in whom all trust—to will before which all other wills will bow. Home without unity is not home. It is a mere lodging-house full of discension and unhappiness. The family must be the nursery, then, of the religious life of its members. It should be filled with sunshine, in which the young life may bask and grow. The whole world has been divided into gardens for us to cultivate. By cultivating our own garden we cultivate the entire world. When we have cleared our own garden of rubish and made it bloom there, we look with kindly interest over the wall at our neighbor's, to see that it blooms too. The man who builds up his own character cares about the character of others. The salt is in him in atom, and he sends it out to all the world in mass. Parents are responsible for the form of family life. They must fill home with love. A man who is magisterial in his home cannot expect to win the love of his child. He cannot be fatherly until he is childlike. Children cannot feel too much the organic unity of the family. The whole home training of the child is to fit him for the wider society of the business world. The anxiety of many fathers to save their children from the cares of the business world by endowing them with a competency is as much cruelty as it is to endow a church. In both cases the endowment results in a demoralization. Toil and difficulty are necessary to the training of man. Parents wish to guard their children from temptation, but he will never know that he is a man until he has faced and overcome it. Every man should have a business. Every man has a divine calling, partly conscious and partly latent, and by this he ministers to the body politic. Besides this, every Christian man has another higher calling in the Lord Jesus. Both spring from the grain of salt in his being.

If a man goes into the lowest calling of life he takes the higher with him, and it elevates his work. The maker of boots who is a true Christian will make better boots than if he were not a Christian. He will not deceive his customers. This is applicable to every sphere of life. The spirit of Christ in a man exalts him in every way. "Business is business" is a maxim that is made to excuse every sort of bad method. But a man should admit no principle in business which is not safe in domestic life. It is a mistake that business cannot be carried on on principles every way justifiable. What a terrible fallacy is this that the first thing is to succeed, and the second to do right. The order of true manhood is always to do right first. In doing this, a man may fail in the eyes of the world, but he will succeed before God. In the world's eyes no man ever made such a terrible failure as did Jesus Christ, but yet what a sublime success was his! It is impossible to carry religion into business by hanging up texts on the office wall and scanning them over as it were in school. What is needed is the Spirit of God, not the power of memory. It must inform a man's whole business life. In this sense an unconscious is better than a conscious religious life. You can't have a conscious Christianity and be just the best Christian you ought to be. In proportion as the business world is ruled by the principle of every man for himself it will go to ruin. Why is business stagnated to-day? Because it has been done on the principle of selfishness. Other reasons may be given by the business man or the politician, but from a moral and religious point of view, it is certain that no healthy business can be conducted on the principle of selfishness. Why do not men invest their money in business? Because public confidence is shaken. Men don't trust one another any longer, for they have been taught fearful lessons of selfishness. Take up your Bible and see its results anywhere else—in the family—in the social relations of life. It would destroy all peace and happiness. It must be kept out of business too. Let business be done on the basis of commercial integrity. There may be failures, but martyrs are needed in business. Every Christian man is bound to be a political man as much as he is to be a religious man. The time is come when in choosing our legislators we should go back to the question: "Is he a man of God?" The conclusion of the whole matter is that as poets are subject which points toward the cosmopolitan. There was no selfishness in Christ, and we can't afford to have it. This religious life manifests itself first in the person, and springs up through all the relations of life until it includes the whole universe. It makes the business circle honorable, the family beautiful and true, and the person robust and unselfish. The true Christian man is as cosmolopolitan as Christ.

Ho! for Sussman's!!

Just opened in his new quarters in Bush's Arcade.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Trunks,
Valices,
All kinds of

Leather & Shoe Findings

Shoemakers call and see SUSSMAN for cheap stock.

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Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,

for medicinal purposes.

Trusses & Supporters in great variety.

Also, choice

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

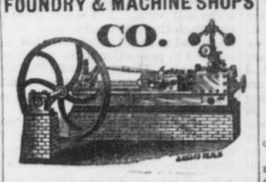
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

23oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL

FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

CO.



The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice

VAN PELT & SHOOP,
jan21-1y. Centre Hall.

CENTRE HALL

COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may18

P. H. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.

WISON & HICKS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware and Stove Dealers

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CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,

SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,

ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK

STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the account of Jacob Neese, committee of Elizabeth Gentzel a Lunatic, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and will be confirmed at January Term next, if there be no sufficient reason shown to the contrary.
Dec. 10. 3t AARON WILLIAMS,
Prothonotary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of S. S. Wolf, of Centre Hall, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, who request all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having demands against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

PETER HOFFER,
Jan 14 6t. MRS. C. E. WOLF, Adm'rs.

ESTRAY.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JAN. 21, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——Thanks to P. S. Kerlin for Galena paper.

——C. F. Harlacher has been reappointed post-master at Centre Hall.

——We had about four inches of snow on last Monday morning, which will fix up sleighing nicely, no doubt.

——Rev. Leckie commenced a protracted meeting in this place on last Sabbath evening.

——Who does not delight to list to the "doleful peals" of a cow bell in sleighing time.

——The borough and township elections will take place on Tuesday, the 16th day of February.

——The Grangers in Sugar Valley intend building a large hall and store house.

——A few nights ago some one not having the fear of judgment day before his eyes, helped himself to a lot of corn from the crib of Mrs. S. S. Wolf.

——Mr. Thomas Davis, of Rock Spring, while staying over night in the hotel here, missed his pocket book with $6 next morning. A stranger had quarters in same room that night, and Mr. Davis thinks his money may have traveled along with him.

Howard Spangler and Mr. Davis went in pursuit of the fellow, in the morning and overtaking him in the neighborhood of Mr. Barkhoider's, induced him to surrender the pocket book and money.

——Through the kindness of Mr. Sam'l Farner, we were shown through the 'Odd Fellows' hall, a few days ago, and were pleased to see it so creditable an affair. It is quite handsomely furnished and fitted up and shows a spirit of liberality among the members of the order here that is praiseworthy.

——Now is the time when persons who intend building next summer will endeavor to find out where they can buy their hardware to best advantage. Wilson & Hicks, Bellefonte, will offer special inducements to all such and suited to the times. They will supply builders with any thing needed at low figures. Housekeepers, mechanics, and farmers, will find Wilson & Hicks the grand emporium for anything in the Hardware line, and capital men to deal with.

——I. O. O. F.—Centre Hall Lodge, No. 895, was instituted on Friday, 19 inst., by Dist. Dep. Grand Master D. H. Parker of Philipsburg, assisted by past D. D. G. M. J. S. Barnhart of Bellefonte, and Past L. G. Dom, of Philipsburg, Pa., and other officers of the Grand Lodge of Pa.

Boalsburg Lodge, No. 894, was instituted on Tuesday, 14 inst., by the same officers.

——The names mentioned in connection with the nomination for Assembly, thus far, are: John F. Krebs, Ferguson; Sam'l Gilliland, W. A. Murray, Harris; Dr. Smith, Potter; Jas. Van Ormer, Wm. Alexander, of Penn; B. F. Philips, Aaronsburg; H. Van Pelt.

——It is queer by what standards different folks will measure the degrees of temperature—or it may be too that thermometers are marked with varying expressions to indicate the degrees of cold. This we only found out a day after the recent cold snap, when we questioned persons from different portions of the valley as to the temperature on the memorable morning of the 10th. The question to each of our informants was the same, viz: How cold was it with you on Sunday morning; to this we received the following replies:

Man from Gregg—Cold as thunder.

Man from the Loop—Sixteen degrees below Selinsgrove.

Man from Potters Mills—Infernal cold.

Man from Penn Hall—Cold as blazes.

Man from Millheim—Cold as h—l.

Man from the lower end.—D—n cold.

Man from Brushvalley—Devilish cold.

Man from Centre Hill—Seventeen degrees below Missouri.

Penns Creek Man—Cold as gewhittaker.

Whiskey Hollow Man—Most darn infernal cold.

Earlystown man—Cold as all Sam Hill.

Boalsburg man—Cold enough to freeze old Nich to the North pole.

We intend to send this report to Old Probabilities, and see whether he can strike the average.

——The Directors of the Bald Eagle, Nittany, Brush and Penn's Valley Turnpike Company have declared a dividend of fifty cents on each share of stock, which will be paid on and after the 1st day of February next, at the President's office, opposite the Fallon House. This is the first dividend since 1845, wich the proceeds have invariably been put on to the road. —*Clinton Republican.*

——A pretty well authenticated rumor has reached every hole and corner of the county to the effect that our Railroad is to be completed the coming season. This is certainly cheering news, for, besides giving employment to many idle laborers, it will revive business of all kinds all along the line, and, when completed, prove immensely profitable to the Company by reason of increased travel and largely augmented shipments both ways. In corroboration of the rumor, the indefatigable President, George F. Miller, whom we know is solicitous for the early completion of the Road, has informed us that the unfinished portion is to be put under contract very soon. Let it be done and the people who have long and justly complained will readily award praise to whomsoever may merit it.—*Telegraph.*

"THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS." An able critic writes: "A careful reading of the introductory chapters or Dr. Holland's new serial in Scribner's Monthly, gives good promise of what the story is to be, and the opening is more brilliant than any of Dr. Holland's previous novels, in the quaintness of the characters and the delicate outline of the plot; the dialogue is particularly striking."

"THE YOUNG SURVEYOR." The story of the "Young Surveyor," by J. T. Trowbridge, just begun in St. Nicholas, is a capital story for boys. It gives a true picture of life on the Prairies of the West; the surveying is so mixed up with hunting, and other adventures, that the boys hardly know where the instruction leaves off and the fun begins.

——If housekeepers suffer from the use of unwholesome table goods; if they sink in purse because they buy eatables that are too high in price for the quality they get; if they find themselves imposed upon in their groceries, and any article not up to first class goods, it is their own fault and they have a remedy. What is the remedy, you ask; why it is simple, plain and easy—let them go to Sechler & Co., in the Bush house block and buy groceries, and they are lifted out of all the above petty annoyances at once and save a deal of money to boot. Here ther, housekeepers is a remedy which brings you a double satisfaction, buy your groceries of Sechler & Co. and be happy.

——Charles Miller, dec'd, had a $2,000 life insurance. Lieut. Wolf, dec'd, had a $5,000 life insurance.

——Rev. Bright has a protracted meeting in progress at Snydertown; the meeting is one of unusual interest—fourteen souls have thus far been converted, and an equal number are now seeking pardon.

——The Zellers Zouaves have been disbanded by Adj. Gen. Latta, their term of service, 5 years, having expired. The arms and equipments have been returned to the state arsenal. An effort is being made by the young men of Buffalo Run to organize a new company.

——Capt. Sellers and six or eight more young men of Patton twp., think of emigrating to Missouri about the 1st of April, next. Success to them.

Reassembling of the Democratic County Convention.

At a meeting of the Democratic Standing Committee, held in Bellefonte, on Saturday, 16th inst., the following resolution was adopted,

Resolved, That the Chairman of the Standing Committee be directed to request the President of the last Democratic County Convention to reassemble the Convention which met in August 1874, for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. S. S. Wolf, and any other vacancy that may occur—allowing the people to re-instruct their delegates if they desire.

In compliance with the above, the delegates to the County Convention "which met in August, 1874, are hereby notified to re-assemble in the Court House in Bellefonte, on Tuesday the 2nd day of February next, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose mentioned in the resolution. By request of

J. H. WOODWARD,
Chairman Standing Com.

J. H. MORRISON, *Pres't. Dem. Co. Con.*

CALL OF AN ELECTION FOR RE-INSTRUCTION OF DELEGATES.

At a meeting of the Democratic Standing Committee, held on Saturday Jan. 16, 1875, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, further, That the present committeeman of each election precinct is hereby requested to appoint two suitable persons who shall meet at the usual place of holding elections on Saturday preceeding the assembling of the Convention, for the purpose of holding an election to re-instruct the delegates, between the hours of two and five o'clock P. M., of said day, the Committeeman being the Chairman of said Board."

In compliance with the above resolution, I hereby give notice that an election will take place on Saturday, the 30 day of Jan., 1875 for the purpose of re-instructing the delegates to the Convention to be held Tuesday, February 2nd, 1875.

J. H. MORRISON.
Chairman.

America has obtained the Parisian premium for beautiful women. St. Louis is as justly entitled to the American premium.—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

The writer of that has never been in Williamsport.—*Bulletin.*

And the Bulletin man has nover been in Centre Hall.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

Sheriff Mutthersbough of Mifflin Co., sold the following properties on Saturday and Monday, 9 and 11:

The old M'Manigle homestead in Armagh township, 219 acres, to O. P. Smith for $11,000.

The woodland tract, near the above 880 acres, to D. W. Woods for $600.

The M'Manigle lot in Milroy, with two dwellings, storehouse, stable, &c. thereon, to A. Reed for $1500.—*Gazette.*

LIST OF JURERS. JAN. TERM.

Grand Jurors.

Philipsburg—L T Munson, R E Munson.
Bellefonte—M Cunningham, Wm Curtin, W F Reynolds.
Harris—G W Campbell.
Marion—Joel King.
Snowshoe—James Redding, Jac Bobb, Wm Stewart.
Potter—Sam'l Slack, Wm Royer, D M Henney.
Penn—Jonathan Harter, G W Stover, Liberty—Joseph Winslow, T S Winslow, J D Gardner.
Howard twp—N Askey.
Worth—Geo Kelley.
Walker—Geo Kafman, C F Romick.
Milesburg—Jos Rogers.
Union—Wm B Fisher.

Traverse—1st Week.

Banner—P Houser, Wm Searson, J W Shoey, S H Swartz, H Kibe.
Spring—Robt Ray, Thos Barnhart, Jno Eckenroth, David Shearer.
Curtin—Jno I Packer.
Haines—J G Meyer.
Union—J P Holt, W B Turner.
Taylor—J Beckworth, L Merryman, Huston—Hugh Adams, D Yothers, J Turner.
Bellefonte—J I Rankin, T Hicks, J H Sands, J B Graham, Chas Cook, J Mitchel.
Milesburg—A T Boggs.
Penn—Henry Weiser.
Ferguson—Levi Kreps, Mat Rider, Wm Bloom.
Walker—Adam Vonads, L Zimmerman, Joseph Shafer.
Boggs—J C Walker, D Lucas.
Potter—J G Boal, J M'Clintock, Adam Smith, D Gilliland, David Kerr.
Harris—Henry Dale, Jon Karper.
Liberty—J Gunsolis, W Stull.
Halfmoon—Thos Gray.
Worth—A R Barlow.
Rush—H W Adams.
Miles—And Shafer.
Snowshoe—M Gunsolis.

2nd Week.

Snowshoe—C T Cheesman, G W Minsker, A Campbell.
Gregg—Sam'l Crawford, M Notaker.
Howard bor.—J Swyers, A Montgomery.
Philpsburg—G S Flegal.
Halfmoon—J Runbarger, Wm Cross.
Ferguson—W E Meek, Jas Sample.
Rush—J B Simile, Jno Nutall.
Milesburg—Jno Lyman, J S Proudfoot.
Union—H Hoover, S Mitchell.
Unionville—B Rich.
Spring—Robt Barnes, Sam'l Null, John Cole.
Benner—Geo Dale, J N Kephart, John Know.
Miles—T E Royer.
Marion—O P Orr, S Garbrick.
Haines—Geo Bower.
Bellefonte—J H M'Clure, P Mullin.
Potter—Wm Wolf, F Burkholder, Alex M'Coy.
Penn—Eman Kerstetter.
Boggs—Jas Teller.

TRIAL LIST FOR JANUARY TERM, A. D. 1875, COMMENCING ON THE 4th MONDAY OF JANUARY. JANUARY 25, 1875.

1st Week.

Joel King (Fergreed Issue) vs Jac Zerby, *et ux*—88 Jan Term 1875.
Samuel Hagerty, use of vs Smith Freeman—296 Nov Term 1870.
Hahn & Wagner vs Wm Poorman—294 April Term 1871.
Joseph Dealing vs J P Dehass, *et al*—251 Aug Term 1872.
Michael Moyer vs W C Wagner, *et al*—223 Aug Term 1873.
Nathan Hough vs C Schade—239 August Term 1873.
S Kimmel vs Jno I Thompson—258 Aug Term 1873.
W W Wittman & Co vs D M Wagner & Son—237 Aug term 1873.
Andrew Zerby vs D H Lutz—204 November Term 1873.

2nd Week—January Term.

Jno H Yocum, *et al* vs John Lyon—47 Jan Term 1865.
B & F D Ligget vs L A Mackey—19 Apr Term 1871.
Etnier & Faust vs E A Green & Co—49 Apr Term 1871.
1st National Bank of Huntingdon vs Same—50 Apr Term 1871.
Same use of vs Same—Apr Term 1871.
Cline Quggle vs Geo Furst—306 Aug Term 1871.
Milliken, Hoover & Co use of vs Joseph Underwood's Adm'rs—153 Apr Term 1872.
R R Bridgens vs Jno B M'Williams—222 Nov Term 1872.
Norwood Coal & Lumber Co vs Jno Elliot & Co—107 Jan Term 1873.
Hoffer, Brew & Co vs Michael Peters, *et al*—216 Jan Term 1873.
Jno Hoffer vs Bridget McGill—73 April Term 1873.
Jos Robinson vs Gideon Wheeland—102 Apr Term 1873.
McCoy & Linn vs Geo Fetzer—161 April Term 1873.
Jas Courtland, *et al* vs D Z Kline, *et al*—350 Apr Term 1873.
The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania vs D B Reese, *et al*—41 August Term 1873
Samuel B Wyland vs Wm Lichly—60 Aug Term 1873.
Loyd, Caldwell & Co vs J S Reed & Co—75 August Term 1873.
Jno Hoy vs Wm Holt—137 August Term 1873.
Terrence McElarney vs Jno Thompson—181 Aug Term 1873.
Isaac Gaines vs Jno Heiss—108 Nov Term 1873.

For the Reporter.

REBERSBURG AND VICINITY.

Sleighing the order of the day.

Hauling ice is trump of game.

Candidates on the war-path.

Grangers are fast increasing in our neighborhood, inasmuch that they doubled in the space of six months. We have now two for good.

Mr. Sheetz, near Wolf's Store, is making preparation for the erection of a dwelling house. Very sensible indeed, since but a short time ago he got burned out.

We understand that Mr. Rishel is lying in a critical condition. Little hopes of his recovering is anticipated. He is delirious, which is caused by a concussion of the brain that he sustained in the fall. Thus we have before us another mirror wherein King Alcohol is reflected in his true character. How long will we harbor the evil demon.

Mrs. Hilbush, we are pleased to learn, is slowly recovering from her stroke of palsy. May she soon enjoy perfect health, is our fervent wish. HEW MOR.

London, January 12.—The steamer Cartes, belonging to North Shields, has been lost in the Bay of Biscay and twenty-six persons drowned.

San Francisco, January 12.—It is reported that by a fire in the Western hotel, last night, twenty men were suffocated in their rooms. The firemen and police are searching for the bodies.

Sixty thousand colliers in South Wales have struck work, in consequence of a reduction of wages.

Some of the farmers in the western towns of Kane county, Ill., complain that the murrain is affecting their herds of cattle.

The Northumberland car works were recently sold by the sheriff for $11,000. They cost about $40,000.

THE CHARLEY ROSS MYSTERY.

Identifying the Horse which the Abductors of the Child Drove.

Mr. Christian K. Ross, father of Charley Ross, his little son Walter, and Detective Sellick examined a horse at Van Fleet's club stables in Fair street, Newark, on 11th. The horse was recognized by Walter as the one which was driven by the abductors of his brother.

On the 23d of October a boy inquired the price for boarding a horse in the stable, saying he had been sent to inquire by an old gentleman Three hours afterward the lad took the horse to the stables. The animal was thin and sunburned. On the 25th of the same month an elderly man, who is described as Mosher, the dead burglar, called with the boy, and pretending to be the owner, told the hostler to wash the animal's tail and mane with salt and water to take the sunburned appearance away. On the 28th an expressman called for the horse, saying that a man had sent him from the Bull's Head Hotel in New York. The expressman did not have the money to pay for the horse's boarding, and Mr. Van Fleet refused to let the horse go. Mr. Van Fleet has never heard anything more about the ownership of the horse, which is still in the stables. Superintendent Walling's published description of the animal corresponded so minutely with the horse in the Fair street stables that Mr. Van Fleet telegraphed to the Superintendent, and yesterday little Walter Ross said he was sure it was the one that the abductors drove.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Office of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre County.

CENTRE HALL, Jan. 11, 1874.

In compliance with the provisions of their charter the directors present the seventeenth annual statement of the transactions of the Company.

ASSETTS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the last year		$36,544.84
On which there has been paid	$828.15	
Leaving due on premium notes taken the last year		$35,716.68
To which add cash in treasury		$700.92
Total available assetts of the Company last year		$36,417.60

EXPENSES.

Compensation to directors	$108.18	
Salary of Secretary	150.00	
" " Treasurer	50.00	
Printing, Office rent, Postage & Stationary	114.21	
Election Boards	5.00	
Discount Penns Valley Banking Co	25.83	
Penns Valley Banking Co	600.00	
Daniel Durst balance due on barn	600.00	
Adam Krumrine on reaper	58.00	
Dr. J. W. Stem	220.84	
Dr. J. B. Leitzel	15.00	
		$1,941.56
Total accruing assetts and funds of the Company the last year after deducting expenses		$34,476.04
To which add funds reported of previous year	$104,882,99	
Minus notes expired and canceled	$29,529.18	
		$75,553.81
Making the total available assetts of the Company this day		$109,829.85
Risks and insurance taken the last year	$467,551.00	
Same reported for previous year	$4,283,710.35	
Grand total risks and insurances taken since organization		$4,701,261.35
From which deduct policies		$2,153,416.98
Expired and canceled leaving		$2,547,844.46
Due the Company from agents, mainly on unpaid policies of members		$1,705.85

GEO. BUCHANAN, Pres't.

Attest:
D. F. LUSE, Sec'y.

At an election held the same day the following members were elected Directors for the ensuing year: Geo. Buchanan, Joshua Potter, Henry Keller, J. W. Campbell, Jno. W. Krumrein, Amos Alexander, J. G. Meyer, Jno. Wolf, Sam'l Gramley, Jno. H. Keller, and David Gilliland. Sam'l J. Herring.

Whereupon the new board organized and appointed the following officers:
President—Geo. Buchanan.
Vice Pres't—Henry Keller.
Treasurer—Henry Witmer.
Secretary—D. F. Luse.

MARRIAGES.

On 7th inst., in Pine Grove, by Rev. M. G. Earhart, Mr. Samuel A. Dunlap and Miss Lizzie R Gummo.

On 7th inst., by Rev. C. H. Reiter, at the Reformed parsonage, in Aaronsburg, Mr. James W. Stover to Miss Susanna L. Bower, both of Haines township Centre County.

On 3rd inst., at the Luth. Parsonage in Hublersburg, by Rev. J. A. Bright, Mr. A. T Pifer of Lamar, Clinton Co. to Miss Nellie J. Eddy of Nittany Hall, Centre Co.

On 7th inst., at the residence of the bride's father Mr. Henry Zeigler, by the same, Mr. Z. W. Hoy, son of J. S. Hoy Esq., Jacksonville, to Miss Clara A. Zeigler of same place.

DEATHS.

On 7, at State College, Adeline, wife of Calvin Meyers, aged 21 years.

At Aaronsburg, on 15, of typhoid pneumonia, Mrs. Susan Kurtz, widow of Daniel Kurtz.

On 14, in Haines twp., Mrs Susan Fox, aged 61 years, and 5 months.

For the Reporter.

KATE LENWOOD'S MISTAKE

By J. HARRISON BUTTS.

Jane, come clasp my bracelet, and turn the gas yet higher.

The simple dressing maid turned, quickly to her mistress and performed the commands—"Now Jane, will I do for the soiree?"

"La yes! and you will far out shine all the grand folks there."

I hope so—mentally exclaimed the proud girl as she stood before her mirror surveying her beautiful self. There she stood in glistening robes of silk that swept the floor in billowy foam, one solitary diamond sparkled in her dark hair shedding a glittering light on the camelia that slept in her braids.

Her features were royally beautiful, and her queenly figure shown to effect in her array of costly garments. Her lips curved with a haughty curl as she thought of the conquest she would make to-night, and with full confidence she threw the rich cloth cloak about her snowey shoulders and descended to the parlor, where Count Delanor awaited her coming.

"Oh! Kate Lenwood, what a mockery you make of love, as with joyous smile you greet Count Delanor—your heart says you do wrong. Yet you go on, and time will tell you with bitter werds that you have lost a diamond in securing a perl that will prove worthless when most needed."

Kate Lenwood was an heiress—all that love and money could secure belonged to her, a costly equipage driven by a liveried servant was at her command—position beauty, wealth and youth poured into her lap all that heart could desire or expect, and none knew better than self-willed Kate Lenwood how to enjoy them. Indomitable pride and self-will were the great characteristics of her being—life to her was one Summer's dream of royal power over the fortune hunters who followed in her train of admirers and how often behind the costly fan raised to her face as a screen, a suppressed snicker would rise at the kneeling form before her, with what cold disdain and queenly supremacy she would put the ardent lover aside, and he would find his idol indeed but clay. So Charles Morton found when he poured his love tale in her ear, yet he never forgot the earnest love light in her heart, and well he knew. Yet too proud to tell her that her actions and words were not from the heart—how her cheek paled as she warmly bade him good bye, and a tear glistened in her sparkling eye as he pressed a kiss on her ruby lips, though he was silent, yet to her it spoke volumes. The door closed on Charles Morton's form, the lithe step rounded for the last time for years in the ears of Kate Lenwood, and well she knew she had sent the best friend she ever had away. Long, long, she sat in the dimly lighted library almost stupified with the thought, that the dearest man to her on earth was gone, and well she knew forever.

Regally, gloriously, beautiful she entered the parlor where awaited her the feted, lionized Count St. Delanor, her face beaming with smiles, she greeted him, and none save her knew the tempest raging in her bosom. Just one short hour before, Charles Morton had silently left her, his kiss yet burning on her lips, who would suspect the perfect actress as she entered exclaiming, "Why Delanor, I am sorry I kept you waiting so long." "No apology dear, it is a pleasure to know that you are really in my presence. The carriage is here," and putting out an elegant watch, statched to a chain of tretted gold, "8 o'clock, come, we will go."

The splendid rooms of Mrs. St. Clair were filled with the ton and fashion of the city. Mirth took possession of the hour and unbounded joy reigned supreme o'er that happy throng. Kate Lenwood and Count Delanor shone resplendent on that night, and there in the conservatory she gave her hand but not her heart to the Count—sold herself for naught, while one earnest heart would have taken her in and sheltered her for a lifetime. Oh! what barter and sale in a marriage vow, promises given that soon will be broken and set at naught, and never a thought of the vital importance of the sacred vow. How soon, alas! did Kate Lenwood find Count Delanor was not what she expected, he sought her gold and when it was gotten despised the fair, bright girl.

Adiews were said, carriages rolled away from the St. Clair mansion, lights were outened and Kate Lenwood sought her couch that night not happy but sad after all that even in loneliness seemed a joy not to be envied.

The glistening robes were all put aside. The die was cast—was she indeed to lay away the image of Charles Morton in a secret chamber of her heart, enshrine it with the memories of happy days now thrown away? Walking to an escritoire of exquisite design, she touched a secret spring and brought forth a package—gazing at it long and intently. "Farewell Charles"—she said, and retracing her steps to the grate, where smouldered a sea-coal fire—tossed the outpourings of one faithful heart into the embers. Sinking into a chair she watched the red tongued flames lick them up into a smouldering heap of dead ashes. The heart of that haughty woman recoiled as she watched the quivering heap and in a moment of weakness called up the manly face of one who was still dear to her. And Oh, when retribution came to her years afterward, the scene we have depicted came to her like a long lost something never again to return save when alone and none so near to hear the wild beating of a heart whose idol has indeed fled.

CHAPTER II

Judge Lenwood's mansion was a blaze of light, carriages rolled to the scene of mirth and festivity. The bride looked beautiful in trailing robes of silk, white as the foam crested waves of a tempest-tossed sea, as the bridal cortege entered the gay salon, the guests arose in semi-circles, and the beautiful Episcopalian services were performed. As the last word was uttered that bound Kate Lenwood to Count Delanor the grand piano pealed forth in notes almost divine Bethoven's wedding march—wail after wail realed through that vast and sumptuous salon and the quivering notes found no response in the heart of proud Kate Lenwood, for her thoughts were far away, yes far away in the golden days of sweet sunshine, when Charles Morton was indeed her all. She again sat in the old farm orchard of aunt Eunice, the blossoms falling all about her in snowey and fragrant beauty; she feels the beautiful May sunset shedding a golden warmth and beauty about her, and with a sickening pain in her heart she gazes on the man for whom she promised to forsake father and mother, the comforts of a princely home with all its warm attachments. There he stood, grand, noble and almost divine to look upon. Yet Charles Morton came between and the bride of an hour was at heart a mourner. "Away wierd phantom of the past, I will be gay," exclaimed Kate and wreathing her face with smiles, and none in that vast assemblage would judge the crushing of a heart pent up full of tears.

The gushing strains of a Mozart march wailed soft and sweet; merrier hearts than the bride bound to the enchanting strains, and glad hearts beat love to hearts that were in unison. Count Delanor had led the peerless Kate into an alcove of a bay window fragrant with exotic plants, and poured again the vile reiteration of a heart dark with deceit into the ear of his newly made wife, who entranced for the moment with the honeyed words of the vile intriguer, bending low to catch the echo of every word that fell from his false lips. Then she stood gazing upon him with parted lips, drinking in the love phrases that fell from his dewy mouth a false happiness which she took for the real, had possession of her, and in that moment of transitory triumph she felt her heart respond to his. Vile and dark as Eurocly don winds—

For the Reporter.

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CHAPTER II

Judge Lenwood's mansion was a blaze of light, carriages rolled to the scene of mirth and festivity. The bride looked beautiful in trailing robes of silk, white as the foam crested waves of a tempest-tossed sea, as the bridal cortege entered the gay salon, the guests arose in semi-circles, and the beautiful Episcopalian services were performed. As the last word was uttered that bound Kate Lenwood to Count Delanor the grand piano pealed forth in notes almost divine Bethoven's wedding march—wail after wail realed through that vast and sumptuous salon and the quivering notes found no response in the heart of proud Kate Lenwood, for her thoughts were far away, yes far away in the golden days of sweet sunshine, when Charles Morton was indeed her all. She again sat in the old farm orchard of aunt Eunice, the blossoms falling all about her in snowey and fragrant beauty; she feels the beautiful May sunset shedding a golden warmth and beauty about her, and with a sickening pain in her heart she gazes on the man for whom she promised to forsake father and mother, the comforts of a princely home with all its warm attachments. There he stood, grand, noble and almost divine to look upon. Yet Charles Morton came between and the bride of an hour was at heart a mourner. "Away wierd phantom of the past, I will be gay," exclaimed Kate and wreathing her face with smiles, and none in that vast assemblage would judge the crushing of a heart pent up full of tears.

The gushing strains of a Mozart march wailed soft and sweet; merrier hearts than the bride bound to the enchanting strains, and glad hearts beat love to hearts that were in unison. Count Delanor had led the peerless Kate into an alcove of a bay window fragrant with exotic plants, and poured again the vile reiteration of a heart dark with deceit into the ear of his newly made wife, who entranced for the moment with the honeyed words of the vile intriguer, bending low to catch the echo of every word that fell from his false lips. Then she stood gazing upon him with parted lips, drinking in the love phrases that fell from his dewy mouth a false happiness which she took for the real, had possession of her, and in that moment of transitory triumph she felt her heart respond to his. Vile and dark as Eurocly don winds—

"Kate, the music so glad and joyous, shall we join the gay dancers?"

"Yes dear Delanor," and rising up shaking out the bilowy foam of her superb dress, taking his arm he led her out triumphantly amongst that glad throng. The queen of beauty and position, but at that moment of triumph could Kate Lenwood have looked into the future, she would have recoiled from the glare and glitter of that midnight throng and been really happy as the bride of an humbler assemblage. Time will bring the reaction when many hearts that beat wildly, will be silent forever.

Let us go back to Charles Morton. After quitting the presence of the haughty heiress. The next sunrise found him aboard the steamer Queen of the sea bound for India, as he stood on deck looking an uninterested spectator upon the busy tumult, he saw a carriage drive up to the wharf, he scanned the vehicle closely and saw a lady of magnificent mein descend, attended by a valet, all the appointments of an experienced voyager were unloaded, the lady closely veiled ascended the plank and to Charles Morton was gone. The ship's bell announced that farewells must be taken and the heavy steamer with its mighty freight of humanity groaned. The placid waters of the harbor surged and hissed; the machinery cracked and the iron hock that held the vessel to the wharf was unfastened, the Stevedore at his post, and with graceful swoop, the Queen of the Sea, with banner unfurled, bade adieu to her native shore. Handkerchiefs were waved that were wet with tears; the good ship was under headway and the passengers watched silently the receding shores of their native country. Charles Morton, as he looked at the last blue point of land fading in the distance, descended the hatchway into the cabin; there his eyes rested upon the face and form of the veiled lady who shipped among the last, and whose mein arrested his attention; by intuition he knew it was the same form, and the calm countenance enshrined in burnished hair told him, she was the same. Days passed away and he adored her not in a wild, passionate way, but with the calm reflective love that comes only once to a man vanquished in the arena of Cupid, a sort of idol worship that the heathen renders to God after a knowledge of the atonement, a subdued love that lasts while the spirit wanders up and down the lifepath.

It is night in Washington. Senator Morton sits in his cozy parlor, the womanly wife of his life sits by his side, as she runs her snowy fingers amid his dark, auburn hair, she says looking up smiling "to-morrow will be a gala day for me, dear" I think I see you standing, while compeers are hushed to silence at the voice which three years ago entranced me." "To-morrow will tell dear," he said, stroking his silky beard and stoops to kiss the red lips of his beautiful wife.

The morrow came with beauty and song. Senator Morton stood in the senate chamber, his clear voice and ability attracted the attention not only of visitors, but Senators. The galaries were filled with men interested, and beautiful women graced the scene. Among them sat Mrs. Delanor, radiant in beauty, five years have wrought little change, except a sadened sweetness about the delicate mouth, which none could detect but those who knew her most intimately.

Proud woman of five years ago, where are your thoughts? Away back in the long night of the past, when the man whose voice enthralled all who heard it, was a suppliant lover at your feet, and as she gazed down upon him, she knew that never again could she throw around him the meshes of her magic net. Well she knew it, and gathering up her costly cloak stole silently away, away from the gay capitol, and only feeling happy when seated again with faithful old aunt Eunice in the plain old farm-house high up among the blue hills of Pennsylvania.

There she two years before, had sought rest, rest that would be undisturbed, save by the tumults of her own heart. Father and mother had been taken to the shoreless ocean of eternity. Count Delanor had proven a villain and an imposter, and after all when it was dark, bitter night, she found it was morning in the home of aunt Eunice.

While Charles Morton was speaking, his eyes rested for a moment on the face of Mrs. Delanor, and a manly pity, not love, swept over his heart. The next moment she was out of existence to him. As Senator Morton with his handsome wife sat in their parlor that night conversing over the events of the day, she asked him who that regal woman was sitting in the galary, "that was Mrs. Delanor, once Kate Lenwood—a woman whom I once regarded as perfect." The Senator related to his noble wife his acquaintance, friendship and love with Mrs. Delanor—not in a cringing way, but manly, he spoke of her in softened tones—a far off pity he gave her—and that was all—he worshiped the woman by his side with a holy love, and as the years went by, to him she was more beautiful still.

CURIOUS LEGENDS.

The Festival of the Asses, which has been for long ages observed in Verona, grew out of the following circumstances:

According to the legend, the young ass on which our Saviour entered Jerusalem was set at liberty immediately after, and profiting by his opportunity, took to traveling in Palestine, from whence he made the tour of Egypt, visiting every place of interest or note, and nobody appears to have caught him! Crossing the Mediterranean dry-shod, without the aid of any ship or bark whatsoever, he went to Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, Malta, Sicily; he then walked up the Adriatic to Venice, which city, by the way, was not then in existence; but he seems not to have liked the little island, for soon he passed on to Verona, where he fixed his residence, and where he died at a very ripe age. The pious and hospitable Veronese placed his remains in a reliquary of the same shape, and they kept it in the church dedicated to "Saint Mary of the Organs;" every year this interesting and valuable donkey was carried in solemn procession through the town of Verona; at the present date, the Festival of the Asses has become a mere name.

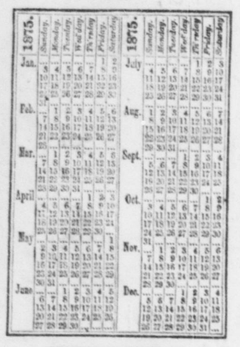
The Genoese were fortunate enough to obtain the tail of the above-mentioned ass, and they kept it with great piety in the Church of Saint Dominick, which stood where the Theater Carlo Felice was afterward built.

In the city of Constance, on the lake of the same name, among the relics may be seen the spider swallowed by Saint Conrad, when taking the wine at mass,—the spider seems to have made good his claim to mummification by making hislexit from the thigh of the saint, without having done any harm during his residence within.

Two lambs belonging to Saint Francis of Assisi distinguished themselves immensely by pious acts; one of them went early to wake a lady whom he afterward conducted to mass, and the other lamb attended mass every day, remaining on his knees during the entire service!

In the curious legend of Saint Julian encountering a deer in a wood, there is a trace of the Eastern belief in transmigration. The saint went hunting deer in a forest, when suddenly the animal he was following stood at bay and spo

Calendar for 1875.



FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

After all the discussions, the pith of the matter about keeping fruit in winter may be boiled down to a very small atom; keep winter fruit at a uniform temperature, but slightly above the freezing point, and if that is attended to carefully, very little fear need be entertained about having fruit all winter long, provided it is not all eaten up early.

Lucky is he who owns a reclaimed swamp with the muck all thrown out in a heap, and mixed with lime, for this forms a stimulant to trees which cannot harm, and never fails to invigorate in a wonderful manner.

The Western Indians predict no grasshoppers for the next six years; and now somebody wants them to predict no Indians during the same time.

Here is a paragraph contributed by Eph. Beaumont, Hartland, Wis., "the bearings of which lie in the application of it:" "Eleven years ago I planted an evergreen purchased in Rochester, N. Y., and the following year I had a splendid crop of Canada thistles come up around it. I have dug them, hoed them, and salted them every year since. Five years ago the evergreen got discouraged and died; and yet last summer I had half a dozen sickly-looking Canada thistles come up." The only glimmer of hope in the whole business lurks in that compound word in the concluding line.

About Sick Animals.

Nearly all sick animals become so by improper feeding, in the first place. Nine cases out of ten the digestion is wrong. Charcoal is the most efficient and rapid corrective. It will cure in a majority of cases, if properly administered. An example of its use. The hired man came in with the intelligence that one of the finest cows was very sick, and a kind neighbor proposed the usual drugs and poisons. The owner being ill, and unable to examine the cow, concluded that the trouble came from overeating, and ordered a teacupful of pulverized charcoal given in water. It was mixed, placed in a junk bottle, the head held upward, and the water and charcoal poured downward. In five minutes improvement was visible, and in a few hours the animal was in the pasture quietly eating grass. Another instance of equal success occurred with a young heifer which had become badly bloated by eating green apples after a hard wind. The bloat was so severe that the sides were almost as hard as a barrel. The old remedy, saleratus, was tried for correcting the acidity. But the attempt to put it down always caused coughing, and it did little good. Half a teacupful of fresh powdered charcoal was given. In six hours all appearance of the bloat had gone, and the heifer was well.—*Live Stock Journal.*

To Roast a Goose.

Let the bird be about eight months old, and killed at least twenty-four hours before it is cooked. The fatter it is the better. Remove every pin feather, singe carefully, draw and take away everything not eatable from the neck and body. All the loose fat should be removed and tried out by itself. Take the neck, middle joint of the wings, liver, heart, and gizzard, and stew them together gently for several hours. They will make a nice pie. For the stuffing take two large onions chopped fine, a tablespoonful of pulverized sage, a teaspoonful of black pepper, and two teaspoonfuls of salt, adding a little crumbled bread. Goose is strong food, and requires strong dressing. When the body of the bird is stuffed, close the opening to keep the steam in and the fat out. Put butter or a slice of fat pork on the breast when the goose is put in the oven, but do not put any water in the dripping-pan. Bake two hours, basting every 20 or 30 minutes with the fat in the pan. When the goose is done remove from the pan, pour off the fat and save it in a bowl, add to the brown gravy in the pan the gravy from the giblets, bring the whole to a boil and serve. Apple sauce and onion sauce are proper accompaniments to roast goose.

Delaware Biscuits.

A lady correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* thinks she has made a decided improvement in her biscuits and thus gives the benefit of her experience: "I take as much flour as I think will do and use my judgment with regard to the amount of land. Some folks like more, some less. They are neither so light nor good when too greasy. I put salt to the taste and rub it all together, then add cold water slowly and as little as will possibly answer. I make the dough so very stiff that I can neither knead or beat it, with any comfort, until it is set away awhile—some twenty or thirty minutes, when it softens a little. I then beat it until it is very light, and make out the biscuits and bake in a quick oven, which had better be too hot than too cool. I cover up the dough, when I set it by to soften. They bake in fifteen or twenty minutes, if not too large, and when done they feel very light."

To Make Hard Soap.

The following is recipe for making hard soap which is excellent and economical: Nearly every family accumulates through the winter drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling in water, allowing it to cool, then removing from the water and boiling till all the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease the nicer the soap. Take six pounds of sal soda, six pounds of grease, three and a half pounds new stone lime, four gallons soft water, half a pound of borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler; boil till all is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clear lye, wash out the kettle and put in the lye, grease and borax; boil till it comes to soap, pour into a tub to cool, and when sufficiently hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry. This is very nice for washing white flannel and calico.

To Keep Potatoes.

A writer in the Mobile *Register* says: "I always put my potatoes up in slaked lime, sprinkling it thoroughly among and over them through the barrels. It takes no great deal of lime, but it prevents the potatoes from getting strong. Northern potatoes would soon get strong in our climate unless so treated, but lime and a dry room keep them good the year round."

Replanting an Orchard.

The planting of a young tree on the site of an old one is not advised unless the ground is thoroughly broken up, intermixed and manured. It is better, where the location, soil, etc., is available, to plant young trees on new sites, though it is not necessary. Some orchardists make it a rule to extend (and thus renew) their orchards annually by planting a few young trees adjoining (where practicable) the old orchard and on its outskirts. It is a good rule to plant annually as many trees as annually die from earlier plantings.

Smith and Jones were at the menagerie, and the conversation turned on Darwin's theory. "Look at that monkey," said Smith. "Think of its being an undeveloped human!" "Human!" said Jones, contemptuously. "It's no more human than I am."

HOW IT WAS FOUND.

The First Discovery of Gold in California—An Interesting Sketch.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives the following interesting story of the first discovery of gold in California, as told him by Mrs. Wimmer, who has in her possession the identical piece which caused such a revolution in the history of the Pacific coast:

"We arrived here in November, 1846," said Mrs. Wimmer, "with a party of fourteen families, across the plains from Missouri. On arriving at Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, we found Fremont in need of more men. My husband enlisted before we had got the oxen unyoked, and left me and our seven children at the fort in the care of Commissary Curtain. We drew our rations like common soldiers for four months. Captain Sutter arranged a room for us in the fort. As soon as Mr. Wimmer returned from Santa Clara, where he had been stationed during the winter, he joined three others and went over the mountains to what is now called Donner Lake, to fetch over the effects of the Donner family, after that terrible winter of suffering that you have heard about.

"In June, 1847, they loaded all our household plunder for Battle Creek, up on the Sacramento, to put up a sawmill, but they changed their plans and went to Coloma. Captain Sutter and J. W. Marshall were equal partners and were the head of the expedition. After seven days of travel, blazing trees, we arrived at sundown a mile above the town. Next morning Mr. Wimmer went out to select a site for the mill, and I a site for the house. He was to oversee the Indians, be a handy man about and I was to be cook. We had from fifteen to twenty men employed. We soon had a log house—a good log house—and a log heap to cook by.

"They had been working on the millrace, dam and mill about six months, when, one morning along the last days of December or the first week of January, 1847-48, after an absence of several days to the fort (that was our San Francisco in them days) Mr. Marshall took Mr. Wimmer and went down to see what had been done while he was away. The water was entirely shut off, and as they walked along, talking and examining the work, just ahead of them, on a little rough muddy rock, lay something looking bright, like gold. They both saw it, but Mr. Marshall was the first to stoop to pick it up, and, as he looked at it, doubted its being gold.

"Our little son Martin was along with them, and Mr. Marshall gave it to him to bring up to me. He came in a hurry and said: 'Here, mother, here's something Mr. Marshall and pa found, and they want you to put it into saleratus water to see if it will tarnish.' I said: 'This is gold, and I will throw it into my lye-kettle, which I have just tried with a feather, and if it is gold it will be gold when it comes out.' I finished off my soap that day and let it off to cool, and it staid there till next morning. At the breakfast table one of the workhands raised up his head from eating, and said: 'I heard something about gold being discovered, what about it?' Mr. Marshall told him to ask Jenay, and I told him that it it was in my soap-kettle. Mr. Marshall said it was there if it had not gone back to California.

"A plank was brought for me to lay my soap upon, and I cut it in chunks. At the bottom of the pot was a double-handful of potash, which I lifted in my two hands, and there was my gold as bright as it could be. Mr. Marshall still contended it was not gold, but whether he was afraid his men would leave him or he really thought so I don't know. Mr. Wimmer remarked that it looked like gold, weighed heavy and would do to make money out of. The men promised not to leave till the mill was finished. Not being sure it was gold, Mr. Wimmer urged Mr. Marshall to go to the fort and have it tested. He did so, and George McKinstry, an assayer, pronounced it gold. Captain Sutter came right up with Mr. Marshall, and called all the Indians together, and agreed with them to certain boundaries that they claimed, and on the right of discovery demanded thirty per cent. of all gold taken out. They, in payment, were to give the Indians a certain number of handkerchiefs, pocket looking-glasses, shirts, beads and other trinkets."

"Mrs. Wimmer, will you be kind enough to tell me how you came in possession of this piece of gold?"

"Sure it was just this way: One day Mr. Marshall was packing up to go away. He had gathered together a good deal of dust on this 30 per cent. arrangement, and had it buried under the floor. In overhauling his traps, he said to me in the presence of Elisha Packwood, 'Jenny, I will give you this piece of gold. I always intended to have a ring made from it for my mother, but I will give it to you.' I took it and I have had it in my possession from that day to this."

"You have not the exact date of the discovery of the gold?" I asked.

"No, but it was somewhere about the holidays."

The piece of gold I must describe. Its value is between four and five dollars. It looks like (pardon the comparison) a piece of spruce gum just out of the mouth of a school-girl, except the color. It is rather flat, full of indentations, just as the teeth make in a piece of nice gum. There are one or two rough points on the edge, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, give the appearance of a man's head with a helmet on; then, turn it another way, and, as Mrs. Wimmer said, "it looks like some kind of a varmint or other." It can be easily identified by any one who has ever seen it before.

The Diphtheria.

Diphtheria appears under three varieties or forms. 1st. There is fever, severe pains in the back, bones and limbs, and very great prostration. There may be no soreness of the throat, but on examining it, small white specks will be noticed on the tonsils, but few or none on the rest of the throat. These cases will recover under any and every variety of treatment in four to six days. The great but false reputation of many remedies and physicians is based upon the necessarily favorable results of these cases. 2d. Large patches of false membrane will be observed both on the tonsils and back of the throat; but the glands of the neck do not become swollen. The majority of these cases will also recover under very simple treatment, unless the disease extends down to the wind-pipe, which it very rarely does. 3d. True malignant diphtheria, with swelling of the glands of the neck and under the jaw; profuse and often offensive exudations of the mouth and throat; more or less discharge from the nostrils. Chlorate of potash is a disinfectant as well as a curative remedy, and if given pure and dry upon the tongue, every hour, night and day, will rarely disappoint the practitioner. A small dose every night may act as a preventive remedy. Sometimes tannin may be given more readily than the chlorate of potash. The sulphate of iron is rather more irritant, and must be given in smaller quantities. The main points in the use of these remedies are to give them dry upon the tongue, and frequently and regularly, both by night and day.

They Were Indignant.

As a Council Bluffs (Iowa) woman was doing her washing, one of her children fell into a kettle of water. The mother seized the infant, whose heart-rending cries indicated the terrible nature of its injuries, and deposited it on a bed, while she ran to a neighbor's to get him to run for the doctor. Before the doctor arrived, all the neighbors had gathered, and among them had undressed the screaming infant—very carefully, so that the scalded skin should not peel off—and sprinkled it with flour. At length the doctor arrived, reaching the door at the same moment with the terror-stricken husband, whom also the messenger had found and bidden to "go home and prepare for the saddest news." The doctor made a careful examination of the infant, and promptly advised the mother to put a shirt or something on the child, so it might not freeze to death. The assembled neighbors, one after another, felt of the water in the kettle, found it icy cold, and quietly departed.

Gerrit Smith as a Business Man.

The business sagacity of the late Gerrit Smith was almost unerring. In 1828 he purchased a water-power at Oswego for $14,000, which for many years has yielded an income estimated at $60,000 a year. The *Sun* gives the following anecdote of his business integrity:

"Early in 1837 Mr. Smith's father died. By his will he left to Gerrit nearly all of his large property, much of it consisting of unproductive lands, and charged with heavy legacies to other heirs, and debts of considerable amount. Two or three months afterward the panic of 1837 occurred. The banks had suspended specie payments, and could afford Mr. Smith only feeble loans to meet pressing obligations. He was advised to make an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors, but declined until he had first conferred with John Jacob Astor, the old friend of his father, and who was well acquainted with the business affairs of both father and son. Smith wrote to Astor, and informed him of his situation, and said that if possible he would be glad if he could make him a loan, and take such security therefor as he had to offer. Mr. Astor invited him to come to the city and talk the matter over. He came, and dined with the great millionaire. Astor, of course, knew his errand, but during the protracted dinner seemed more inclined to tell anecdotes about his excursions thirty and forty years before with Peter Smith up the valley of the Mohawk than to listen to details about Gerrit Smith's present obligations, and the value of the property which he could put under mortgage. As they sat at the hospitable board, Mr. Astor would frequently break in with the enthusiastic exclamation: 'Why, Gerrit, how much you do look as your father used to when he and I went up the Mohawk among the Indians after furs!' At length they came down to business, and Mr. Astor asked Smith how much of a loan he wanted. He told him $250,000. 'Do you want it immediately, and all at once?' asked Astor. 'I do,' said Gerrit. Astor's countenance fell a little, but after a short pause he replied, 'Then you shall have it.' It was arranged that Smith should give Astor a mortgage on the Oswego water power, for which Smith had paid $14,000 about ten years before, for this loan of $250,000. Mr. Smith returned to Peterboro', and in three or four days received Mr. Astor's check by mail for $250,000. He made out the mortgage and sent it to Oswego to be recorded, with directions to send it to Mr. Astor as soon as it was inscribed on the records. Smith went on using the money, and supposed that all had gone right about the forwarding of the mortgage. After a delay of several weeks, judge of his surprise at receiving a letter from Mr. Astor, saying that he was afraid that his friend Smith had forgotten to make out that mortgage which they talked about when he was last in the city. Smith hastened to Oswego and found that, through some stupidity, the county clerk had forgotten to send the mortgage to Astor, although it had been duly and seasonably recorded. Of course, it was now sent forward, accompanied by an appropriate explanation. Thus, for several weeks, John Jacob Astor had nothing but Gerrit Smith's word for a loan of $250,000."

Negro Funerals.

What the negroes call a funeral sermon, says a Southern correspondent, is usually preached many weeks, sometimes months, after a man is dead. It is usual to announce these addresses a number of days in advance, and very often service is held for ten or a dozen dead brothers or sisters at the same time. This is the rule in the cities and towns of North Alabama, but in the country districts of the lower portion of the State, where churches and ordained preachers are not plenty, the dead are interred with a rude ceremony that is exceedingly impressive. While visiting a gentleman living on a remote plantation in Montgomery county, I witnessed a burial service of this kind. At a little before nightfall, all the negroes, men, women and children, on the plantation, assembled around the cabin of the dead man. He was a widower, and childless, and had died alone. When they were all gathered together, two old men, friends of the deceased, went into the hut, and carried out the rough pine coffin containing the body. They then placed themselves silently at the head of the negroes, who, in the meantime, had formed themselves into line, and then, with a slow and measured step, proceeded to an adjoining wood. When they arrived at the edge of the wood it was quite dark, and a number of pine torches were lit, and several men carrying them went in front of the procession. In this way they marched through the wood, singing a slow, mournful hymn, the refrain of which was:

"Yes, Massa, he's a comin',
Comin' fast to join the host."

After passing through the wood they came out upon a small clearing which was slightly elevated. Here a grave had been dug. The coffin was placed beside it and the torches thrown into a heap of dry pine wood which had been previously collected. As the fire blazed up the negroes gathered around the open grave and listened with rapt attention to an old man who, in a few simple words, prayed for the soul of their dead friend. Then the coffin was lowered into the shallow grave, and as the earth was thrown upon it the negroes, unable to control themselves longer, commenced walking around and around in "the holy dance." They sang as they went, and then as they became more and more excited, shouted and groaned like madmen. This continued until the grave was closed, and then after a short prayer, the hymn, "Yes, Massa, he's a comin'," was sung again, with a sort of wild pathos that was very thrilling. As the men and women stood around in this, the last act of the sad ceremony, the red light of the fire shone with a bright glow upon their bright, earnest faces, and behind the dark wood seemed almost to echo the refrain, "Comin' fast to join the host." The scene was, in every way, a solemn and impressive one.

Obeying Orders.

Will S. Hays, the song maker, tells this story in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: In the barber shop of the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York city, he saw a tall, rough-looking man leaning against the wall. A dandy came in, took off his hat and coat, and coolly handed them to the stranger, whom he mistook for a barber. The stranger as coolly hung them on a peg, and, when the dandy said "Trim my hair," he pointed to a chair. The encircling of the neck with a towel, and the preliminary flourish of the shears, were barber-like, but when the dandy felt the hair being cropped close to the scalp, he leaped from the chair and ran to the mirror. "What have you done?" he shouted, in demonstrative wrath. "Well," replied the stranger, still cool, "you said cut it, and I wasn't going to refuse a small favor like that, nor make a half way job of it, neither."

HURTING IT.—A Harvard professor went down to one of the beaches on the New England coast to bathe one stormy day, but the men in charge refused to let him go in on account of the dangerous swell. On his way back he expressed his disappointment and indignation to the driver of the omnibus. "Well, I'll tell you how it is, said the driver: "we don't like to have strangers come down here and get drowned. It hurts the beach."

Next spring one hundred English swells are coming for a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains. The hunt is to be organized on a magnificent scale. Twenty scouts, headed by Buffalo Bill, will chaperon them, and in addition to a vast retinue of servants, cooks, grooms and valets, they will be accompanied by a brass band, which will discourse sweet music as they gather about their camp fire to partake of the evening meal of buffalo meat.

The following directions are given for detecting some counterfeit United States fifty cent notes now in circulation: On the counterfeit the lock of hair in the corner of Dexter's forehead touches the other hair at each end, while in the genuine it is a "C" shaped lock, and touches only at the lower end.

A Sad Drowning Calamity.

A drowning calamity almost as sad as that which happened at Preakness a week before, and by which five children fell through the ice and were drowned, while the mother looked on but could not help them, occurred at Browertown, N. J. The victims were three children, Katie, Ellen and John, aged respectively eight, seven and six, of a widow named Mrs. Eliza Vreeland, who had left them in charge of an old man named Thomas Moore while she went to the Paterson market. She also left a fourth one, four years old, the only one that he was able to take care of, and it also had a narrow escape from being with its brother and sisters when they came to their death. The house of the widow is separated from the Morris canal by a very narrow roadway. The children went out to amuse themselves on the ice despite the remonstrances of the old man. He did not believe, however, that there was much danger, as all the neighbors about had been crossing the canal that morning and even the previous evening, and several boys had been skating about the time the children went out; yet nobody saw the accident. It seems the old man had forgotten all about the children for nearly three hours, and when he intimated his fears to the neighbors the whole vicinity for nearly a mile around was carefully searched before ever suspecting the canal.

This probably arose from the fact that it was supposed to be so firmly frozen, the ice being about two inches in thickness. At length a man named Henry Lambert perceived a red shawl beneath the ice, and, by this indication, was convinced of the fate of the children. He broke up the ice at this place, and in spite of the freezing cold immediately undressed himself and plunged beneath the ice.

At a few feet from the opening he found at the bottom the two little girls firmly locked in each other's arms, nearly opposite their own dwelling. The body of the boy was found about fifty feet from the beach, further up the canal. Curiously enough it would seem that the boy had swam this distance under the ice. It does not appear that the current had anything to do with it, for the bodies of the girls were carried in the opposite direction. The mother returned from market just as the bodies of her children, whom she left in health a few hours previously, were being recovered from the bottom of the canal. Her grief was uncontrollable, and it was with some difficulty that she was restrained from plunging beneath the ice.

A reporter accompanied the coroner to the scene of the calamity. It would be difficult to imagine a more deplorable picture than that presented by the mother, the very personification of anguish and despair, standing over the dead bodies of her three children. Her grief seemed to produce temporary insanity, and she implored in the most pitiful tones one of the little girls to speak just one word to her. The child looked lovely in death, with her eyes half open and her lips gently parted. She appeared to be awakening from soft slumber in obedience to the imploring invocation of her broken-hearted mother.

Canadian Postal Arrangement.

The United States postal department has made arrangements with the Canadian department relative to postage on newspapers and letters between the two countries. Under the treaty letters and printed matter for any part of the Dominion will be sent under United States stamps and rates, and while letters will begin to be carried thus only from the first of February, the carriage of papers began with the first day of the new year, when the new rate of two cents per pound for printed matter went into effect in the United States. The assistant Postmaster-General of the Dominion came to Washington at the request of Mr. Jewell, and the postal treaty was negotiated there. It was laid before the Cabinet and at once approved and signed. It is estimated that under the new arrangement the United States government will lose not more than $20,000 per annum, while the convenience and business interests of the people will be greatly advanced. It is possible that a similar arrangement will be perfected with Mexico after a while, and the sea rate on letters to Cuba is also to be lowered. The Postmaster-General is also desirous to establish a weekly slow mail to England, under which a three cent postage stamp would carry a letter from any part of the United States to any part of Great Britain and Ireland. The double rate would still be called for on letters sent by fast steamers, but the single rate would be a saving and a convenience to thousands of the poorer people who have friends in the old country. Mr. Jewell, United States Postmaster-General, thinks he can get a slow mail carried for $40 per ton, and that this would enable him to arrange for three cent ocean postage.

Broken Promises.

Reader, never break your promises! And to this end, never make a promise that you are not sure you can fulfill. You may think it a trifling matter to make an appointment with a friend or agree to do a certain thing, and then fail to "come to time;" but it is assuredly not a small affair. If you get in the habit of neglecting to make good your promises, how long, do you think, will your friends and acquaintances retain confidence in you? The nearest and dearest of them will in time learn to doubt you, and will put but little faith in your words. And there is a way of half meeting one's obligations, which might be called "bending" a promise, which is also a very bad practice, and should be carefully avoided.

For instance, you agree to meet a person at a certain time; but, instead of being punctual, you put in an appearance several minutes, perhaps an hour, after time; or you promise to do something for a friend, and only partially perform the duty. You may not exactly have broken your promise, but you have certainly bent it, which is almost, if not quite, as bad. Keep your promises to the letter; be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

Composting Manures.

A writer in the Massachusetts *Ploughman* says: "The subject of manures, their preparation and use, is over now, and yet it has attracted more or less attention through the centuries. But there is no specific yet discovered for all crops on all soils, although there have been letters patent granted, for special cases. The point which perhaps comes the nearest to harmonizing all conflicting views is probably that of composting manures, for the compost manure may be made at any time and in any form, and in it may be collected few or many of available constituents of all manures; an element may be buried or spread—all values may be saved by the mixture of muck or soil, or any such thing as experience or hypotheses or theory may suggest. It is safe for any farmer to be a diligent composter. In order to success in the compost heap there must be much forking over it. To enable one to do this efficiently in the long winters a manure cellar is needed, and this well supplied with sods and soil and muck and 'odorous things' and leaves and refuse llay and sand and all else."

AN UNEASY TENANT.—Mrs. Samuel Ryder, of Olympia, Nevada, some time since swallowed a little lizard while drinking a glass of water in Missouri. She now suffers constantly from its unwelcome presence in her stomach. Should she eat anything not pleasing to his lizardship he kicks up a terrible row, turning her deathly sick. In order to reduce him to subjugation she is compelled to drink pain killer, which for the time being makes it very tropical, and willingly he subsides into a stupor, only to repeat the performance again when occasion requires. The medical faculty of the Willamette university will attend to the case.

Death from cutting a corn is a novelty in necrology. The instance was that of Mr. T. R. Green, of Athens, Ohio, whose death occurred from gangrene, superinduced by trimming a corn on his right foot. Amputation of the leg was resorted to without avail.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

John Murphy, who was hanged at Carson, Nevada, for the murder of J. R. McCallum, was a native of Scotland, and at one time traveled with John C. Heenan, giving sparring exhibitions.....Wharton Brothers & Co., iron manufacturers, filed their petition in bankruptcy. The aggregate of the liabilities of the firm is $219,531. The assets are stated at $393,547.....Thomas Pennell, Treasurer of Cumberland county, Me., was knocked down in his office and the safe robbed of between $8,000 and $10,000. One of the robbers first engaged his attention by asking to have a check cashed and immediately afterward knocked him senseless. With the aid of a confederate, the safe was plundered of its contents. Mr. Pennell's pockets were also rifled. The thieves escaped.....A terrific faction fight between the Dwyers and O'Briens at Perkin's Mills in Templeton, Canada, took place on Christmas day. There were seventeen of Dwyer's adherents to fifteen of O'Brien's. They fought until evening and every man had to be carried away. A priest tried to stop the fighting, but he was also beaten.....The superintendent of the New York State Asylum for the Insane says that Kate Stoddard, who killed Charles Goodrich in Brooklyn, is a hopeless lunatic.....John Johnson, the murderer of Andrew Johnson, was sentenced in Cleveland, Ohio, to be hanged on the 28th of April.....John Goodman was hanged in Ottawa, Putnam county, Ohio, for the murder of the Haywood family last April. The prisoner confessed the crime while on the scaffold.

Jeremish Post, a farmer, of East Meadow, Long Island, went to New York with a load of hay. On his return he stopped in Hempstead and took several drinks. In the morning his wife, alarmed at his absence, went to the barn. There she saw the wagon overturned, and found Mr. Post under the wagon, his neck broken. The wagon was loaded with slabs, and had been upset by pile of stones.....Since the famine set in Asia Minor 50,000 persons have migrated from various parts of the country to the city of Adana, half of whom have since succumbed to disease. The strange climate, distress, and extreme rapaciousness of the tax-gatherers aggravate the mortality.....Mrs. Nolan wasfound dead in bed in Chicago with a knife wound in her side. Her two little children are too young to give any account of the mother's death. The husband said his wife died about nine o'clock. That he went for help, and afterward got drunk, and failed to return. He professes to know nothing about his wife's wounds.....Two men, Fuller and Clemens, at Fredericksburg, Mo., quarreled about whisky, and Clemens shot Fuller with a double-barreled shot gun, putting the contents of two barrels into him. Fuller, although nearly blown to pieces, stabbed Clemens, almost disemboweling him. Both men died.....Another case similar to the Guibord litigation is likely to arise out of the refusal of the Roman Catholic clergy to bury the remains of a late murderer at St. Marie, in consecrated ground. The remains are interred for the present in an unconsecrated portion of the cemetery.....The recent labor dispute in the Bestrouda slate quarries, South Wales, which lasted nearly three months, cost the workmen about $123,000, besides the loss in wages.....There are nearly 22,000 granges organized in the United States. Missouri, Iowa, and Tennessee are the banner States. The membership exceeds 1,300,000. It is claimed that the order now has over $17,000,000 invested in elevators, grain warehouses, flour mills, agricultural implements, cattle-feeding materials, and similar factories, banks, fire, and storm insurance companies....The Spanish army accepted Don Alfonso as King. The young man is a son of ex-Queen Isabella, and eighteen years of age.

A farm house and barn, with their contents, owned by John Swallow, in Dunstable, Mass., were burned. Mr. Swallow entered the burning barn and was burned to death.....Mary Lynn and Edward Mason were burned to death by the burning of Smith Lynn's house, near Blairsville, Pa., and Mr. Lynn, another of his daughters, and Clara Stewart were fatally injured by jumping from the windows.....The Souhegan National Bank of Millford, N. H., recovered most of the bonds and securities stolen from its vault on the 19th of October last. The property, amounting to about $112,000, was recovered through the president and officials of the bank, who say the bonds were recovered within five hundred miles of that place, and they claim that no compromise was made with the robbers. The people of Milford are jubilant.....The German Ambassador has informed the Duke Decazes that Germany is prepared to recognize Alfonzo as King of Spain. The king of the Belgians has sent his personal congratulations to Alfonzo.....James McCauley is supposed to have been burned to death during a fire at Port Jervis, N. Y.....County Treasurer Ehler, of Milwaukee, has been obliged to vacate his office, being a defaulter to the amount of $14,000.

Belgium has recognized Don Alfonzo, and it is announced that most if not all of the courts of Europe will do so as soon as his representatives are accredited.....The United States public debt statement shows an increase of $3,659,967.88 during the month of December; coin balance, $82,587,449.94; currency balance, $13,952,931.22; certificates of deposit, $41,200,000; coin certificates, $23,540,000.....A dispatch has been received from the Carlist headquarters denying any defection on the part of either officers or men, in consequence of the proclamation of Don Alfonzo, or in favor of the new king.....A company of United States cavalry has started from the Red Cloud agency to oust the miners from the Black Hills....While Charles Myers, of Salem county, N. J., was in jail, his wife was at work at a neighbor's, his two boys, aged nine and eleven years, amused themselves by building a fire in the shed adjoining the house. The flames speedily got beyond their control, burning down the building and an infant child that was in the cradle.....The governments of Switzerland, Australia, and Belgium have adopted stringent measures against the importation into those countries of American potatoes infected with the Colorado beetle.....Ex-priest Gerleman, of Philadelphia, has been remanded for trial for the embezzlement of funds belonging to St. Boniface's Roman Catholic Church, after a hearing upon a *habeas corpus*.

A post-mortem examination was held over the body of Elizabeth McCarthy, who was found dead in a house in Jersey City, and it was ascertained that she froze to death, having no fuel or covering.....The Milwaukee Circuit Court has appointed Judge Voorhees, of Hackensack, and Henry L. White, of Jersey City, commissioners to take the testimony of Mrs. D'Auffray, better known as the escaped nun. Her evidence is to be used in a suit pending before that court, for the purpose of exposing the internal arrangements of convents and nunneries.....The debt of the city of Brooklyn, including all her obligations of whatever character, amounts to the sum of $35,648,621.52, an increase in the past year of $525,115.82.....The debt of the city of New York is about $140,000,000.....The evidence in the Vicksburg case shows that seventy-six negroes and two white men were killed in the attack upon the city.....Sir Henry Elliot, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, has lodged a complaint with the Porte protesting against the increasing slave trade which is being carried on in various parts of the Ottoman Empire in Africa.....One of the boilers at the Franconia Iron Company's mill, at Wareham, Mass., burst with a frightful explosion, demolishing the west end of the immense building and shattering the entire structure more or less. Out of eighteen men in the building, Edward Cafery was fatally and four others slightly injured.

The father of Don Carlos has given his adhesion to King Alfonzo. Other supporters of the Bourbon Pretender are expected to follow his example, thus compelling Don Carlos to lay down his arms and recognize the new *regime* or retire to exile.....Upon the assembling of the Louisiana Legislature an intense excitement existed. Both men claiming to be Governor of the State issued proclamations to the people. The Conservatives elected Wiltz for Speaker, the other party declining to vote. Shortly after United States troops entered the State house and unseated the newly-elected Speaker and five other members. General Sheridan is in command at New Orleans, and telegraphed to Washington as follows: I have to announce to you the existence in this State of a spirit of defiance to all lawful authority and an insecurity of life which is hardly realized by the general government of the country at large. The lives of citizens have become so jeopardized that unless something is done to give protection to the people all security usually afforded by law will be overridden. Defiance to the laws and the murder of individuals seems to be looked upon by the community here from a standpoint which gives impunity to all who choose to indulge in either, and the civil government appears powerless to punish or even arrest.

M. D. McCormick, road supervisor of the Kansas Pacific railroad, and also Mayor of Brookville, has been arrested and committed at Ellsworth, Kansas, charged with embezzling large sums of money from the Kansas Pacific railroad during the years 1868, '69, and '70.....The residence of Milo Ruggles, at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, was burned, and his mother, sister, and sister's child were burned to death. Mr. Ruggles jumped from a window and was fatally injured.....Rachel Coward was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in New Brunswick, N. J., for killing Charles Ten Broeck.....Joseph Shields, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was killed at Princeton Junction.....A large fire in Orangeburg, S. C., destroyed most of the business portion of the town. The loss is about $200,000, with but little insurance. The Meroney Hotel, the Orangeburg *News* building, and all the stores on Russell street were destroyed.....The ex-King of the Two Sicilies has visited Alfonzo, and assured him that the Counts Caserta and Bari will withdraw from the Carlist cause.....James Jeffries, a member of the Louisiana Legislature, has filed a suit in the United States Circuit Court against Generals Sheridan, Emory, and De Trobriand, for $100,000 damages for ejecting him from his seat in the House of Representatives. A similar suit was also filed by George D. Kelly, who was also ejected.....The United States ship Pensacola has been detailed to carry King Kalakaua to his home.....At Rotherham, England, an explosion of fire-damp took place in a coal mine, killing eight persons.

The Coming Wife.

She's a little bit of a woman, all patience and sunshine, and I'd spoil the best silk hat that money could buy for the privilege of lending her my umbrella in a rain storm.

She's married and she's got an old rhinoceros of a husband. He makes it a practice to come home tight at eleven o'clock every other night, and has for years, and he can't remember that she ever gave him a cross word about it. When he falls into the hall she is waiting to close the door and help him back to the sitting room, where a good fire awaits him. She draws off his boots, unbuttons his collar, helps him off with his coat, and all the time she is saying:

"Poor Henry! how sorry I am that you had this attack of vertigo! I'm afraid that you will be found dead by the roadside some night."

"Whazzer mean by verzhigo!" he growls; but she helps him off with his vest and pleasantly continues:

"I'm so glad you got home all right. I hope the day will come when you can pass more of your time at home. It is dreadful how your business drives you."

"Whaz bizshness—whaz yer talking 'bout!" he replies.

"Poor one—how hot your head is!" she continues, and presently he breaks down and weeps, and exclaims:

"Yez, zur—zic's a 'orse—wearing zelf out fhast's can—wishzi was dead!"

Next morning she never refers to the subject, but pleasantly inquires how he slept, and if his mind is clear. His boots may be missing, and he yells out:

"Whar 'n thunder's my boots!"

"Right here, my dear!" she replies, and she sends them out all nicely blacked up.

If she wants a dress, or a hat or a cloak, he yells out that the household expenses are eating him up. She never "sasses" him back or tells him that she could have married a Congressman, nor declares that she will write to her mother and tell her just how it is.

"That's so, my dear, times are hard," she says, and she gets up just as good a dinner as if he had left her $50.

He may come home tight at supper time but she is not shocked. She replies that it is an unexpected pleasure to have him home so early and she pretends not to notice his stupid look. He sees three chairs where there is but one and in trying to sit down he strikes the floor like a derrick.

"Whazzer jaw zhat chair 'way for?" he yells, and she replies:

"It's that hole in the carpet—I knew you would stumble!" and she helps him up and brings him a strong cup of tea.

They do not keep a servant, and when cold weather came she never thought of planking herself down in a chair opposite him and saying:

"Now, then you'll either get up and light the fires or there won't be any lighted—mark that, old baldhead!"

No, she didn't resort to any such base and tyrannical measures. When daylight comes she slips out of bed, makes two fires, warms his socks, and then bending over him, she whispers:

"Arise, darling, and greet the festive morn!"

He's sick sometimes, and I've known that woman to coax him for two straight hours to take the doctor's medicine, turn over his pillow twenty-two times, keep a wet cloth on his head, pare his corn down and then wish she had a quail to make him some soup. When he gets into a fight down town and comes home with his ears bitten up and his nose pointing to the northeast, she inquires how the horse happened to run away with him, and she says she is so thankful that he wasn't killed. She has an excuse for anything, and she never admits that any one but herself is to blame about anything. Lor' bless her—I hope she'll slip into Heaven and never be asked a question.

Somewhat Romantic.

A recent number of a Portland (Oregon) paper tells a pleasant little story to the following effect: A young lady well known in that city has just started to join her parents, whom she has no recollection of ever having seen. Her name is Emma Frankle, and her parents live in Florence, Italy. At the age of between three and four she was given to a family named Stokes, who promised to educate and otherwise provide for her. It seems that she was trained for circus performances, and traveled with circus troupes until she was eighteen years old, when she abandoned the business, made her home in Portland, and having learned to set type, supported herself by that work during the past four years, taking good care of herself, and winning many friends. Meanwhile she had caused inquiries for her parents to be made in Florence, these only recently proving successful, the parents having also been for some years advertising for their lost daughter. Money was sent to the daughter from Florence with which to defray her expenses home, and by this time she has probably been reunited to those who long ago parted from her, hoping it would prove to her advantage.

A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.—In China it is a regular business to buy up girls for the San Francisco market, just as in this country agents go about and buy up cotton and hogs. So thoroughly is the business established that a regular price current is published in San Francisco, giving Chinese details of the State of the market, and the prices at which it will be safe to buy. The girls are sent to San Francisco brothels.

Opinions of the Press.

The *Texas New Yorker* says: "An old Scotch physician once said to one of his patients: 'Keep your feet warm, your head cool, and your bowels open, an' there's little "ilse" can harm ye.' This aphorism is full of wisdom, and expresses exactly what Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters will do for you. We speak of what we know from nearly two years, practical experience in the use of this indispensable family medicine. Its office is to attack a lazy, torpid liver, and impart new life to this vital organ—a proper flow of bile and a prompt discharge of effete matter. A good digestion and appetite are restored to the sufferer. Pure blood, the 'life of the flesh,' is secured, and the patient soon feels himself a walking electrical battery. Good health is more precious than fine gold.—Vinegar Bitters restores it, and is, therefore, above price. The man who discovered it is a philosopher and a benefactor of his race."—*Com.*

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

Senate.

Moses Taylor and other citizens petition that they were owners of merchant vessels which